

# The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME IV.

SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1908.

NUMBER 16

## EDITORIAL

SPRINGFIELD SUN, ROGERS GORE, EDITOR.

Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and stablisheth a city by iniquity.

### HENRY WATTERSON, THE COURIER-JOURNAL, THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND THE ILLITERATES.

In the issue of The Courier-Journal of last Saturday, March 21, Mr. Henry Watterson, writing from Naples-on-the-Gulf, Lee County, Florida, reproduces, without credit, three or four excerpts from an editorial which appeared in The Sun of March 4, and then proceeds to "warm our jacket" in a most unmerciful manner. This is the third time during the past two months that the brilliant editor of the Courier-Journal has "named" the editor of The Sun everything the law allows in print, but we are passing through the "ordure" in a very satisfactory manner, and up to the present time haven't contemplated "shootin' the daylight out of our fool's eye." Our hide is whole and unspotted, and our talloes "measures up" in avoirdupois about like it measured before the onslaught. We may be a little "red in the face"—a little embarrassed, as it were—on account of being listed with the reptiles and varmints, but we expect the fever to abate and normal conditions to develop before the fall campaign opens. Then 'twill be our desire to be "right there, Johnnie-on-the-spot," in good condition, with strong arms and sound lungs, pitching our hat way up in the air, and a tootin' our horn for Billie Bryan, the next President of the United States. And we are delighted that Mr. Watterson is to be one of us—not a reptile, not a varmint, not an illiterate—but a sort of rejuvenated corporal of the Old Guard—a high feather in his cap, his buttons tarnished, his breeches creased and his breeches polished by a Democratic nigger who knows how to make Republican mud fly.

"Hay foot, straw foot, hee!"  
Forward, Marse Henry! Steady! Aim! Shoot!

Waft the clouds away from the Star Eyed Goddess and let that Magnificent Creation of Watterson shed its effulgent rays upon the bantams, the woolly-rovers, and the sons-o'-guns of the country press, and everything in the "menagerie" will carry oats to the Democratic mule in a manner that will make that old, scrawny elephant of the G. O. P. curl up its tail and die of blind-staggers.

Mr. Watterson is irritated. We can see he is as miserable as a foundered filly, as uncomfortable as a fellow with the itch, but we most sincerely hope that his irritability is not caused by failing health, and that it is due to external and not to internal causes. Indeed, we hope his trouble is a perforation of the hide and not an eruption of the mucous membrane. We have been a little uneasy about his condition—fearful that he might "break out all over" and scratch himself to death before the arrival of the Republican tub of medicated lard and barrel of dog fennel grease. We consulted our family physician and he became ruffled, saying: "Look here, Gore, Marse Henry Watterson is a 'wheel horse' and I advise you to consult Dr. Lawrence, the boss doctor." We hastened to see Dr. Lawrence, and gave him a detailed description of the case. "Ah, I have diagnosed," the doctor replied, "Mr. Watterson is a gastromyth and is suffering of 'windytits.' I have seen bulls in the same condition, and it often occurs that old mules get that way. It is caused by eating soured straw, and by bellowing and braying too far down in the stomach. What is Mr. Watterson's diet?" asked the doctor. "Republican straw—soured!" we answered.

"Yes, yes; very indiscreet," replied the doctor. "Tell him to take four doses of Bryan's Commoner and six of old Ben Tillman's speeches every month during the next year."

The eccentricity of a genius often destroys the beauty of his production, and takes from that production a measure of praise that an admiring people would gladly bestow if the executor of the work did not possess a variety of peculiarities which make it go against the grain of folk to say nice things of the handwork of the individual who is full to overflowing of eccentric vanities. The artist who paints a beautiful picture and then proclaims that "my picture is a masterpiece," detracts from the beauty of his work, but if he goes no further with his foolish declaration and is content with simply praising his picture, people, in admiring the strength of his work, may forget the weakness of the artist, but if he goes beyond and declares: "My picture is a masterpiece, and the picture of the other fellow is a blur and a pretense, he steps over the line of decency and reason and allows his brazen egotism to daub the product of his brush.

The picture of the other fellow may be a "pretense"—a conglomeration—a confusion of ill-blending colors, yet it is bad taste for the more successful artist to slur the work of his endeavoring brother. Criticism may be expected; weaknesses may be pointed out—attention may be directed to the defects in the twigs of the tree on the farthest hill, and to the bend of the river in the corner of the canvas, and yet the critic remains in the bounds of legitimacy, but if he becomes enraged and calls upon the author of the picture to answer to a charge of scoundrelism and illiteracy he becomes a Hottentot, and covers himself with stinging froth by reason of his unnecessary flub-dubbing in war-dance.

If the successful artist persists in painting Pictures of Pessimism—pictures—

Of nights with never a star,  
Of slaughter'd Hope and foulness,  
Of thorns where lilies are,  
Of ghastly things, and soulless,  
He may expect severe criticism. Somebody will paint a "brighter picture," and, though it be not a masterpiece, and while it may, indeed, be crude—having in it many mistakes of the brush—it will be a relief to the eyes of those who have seen none but the "terrible pictures" of the "real genius," whose brush has produced naught but "bantams, woolly-rovers, varmints, reptiles, illiterates, ignoramuses," and numerous other hideous creatures for a fortnight of full moons.

"Behold my pictures!" cries out the "real genius," "they are masterpieces; the pictures of the other fellows are 'pretenses'; d—n 'em, they're short-roses, two-for-a-nickel upstarts—mouthing popinays and dizzy daubers; put the foot of public opinion upon their necks and muzzle them like the snappers in the kennel of bull pups.

In his frenzy Mr. Watterson paints pictures of misrepresentation, and becomes irritated if some fellow paints into a contradiction. He throws rocks into our shanties and insists that we ought not to throw rocks into his mansion.

The editor of the Courier-Journal paints wonderful word pictures—astounding in their brilliancy, but his pictures of to-day, unlike his pictures of other days, have not those "logical touches" that appeal to reason. Since Mr. Watterson has laid down the Democratic brush, and is painting with a brush of awkward make and curling bristles—alternating as it were between mugwumpism and Republicanism—it is plain to see that his nerve is unsteady. For a long time Mr. Watterson has painted no Democratic pictures, and all that the good Democrats of Kentucky have seen to encourage them since the Courier-Journal painted its ugly picture in 1895 and defeated Wat Hardin, are the very crude pictures painted at odd times by an "il-

literate" in the garret—hiding from the "rent-man," and trying to figure out between touches what the Louisville Paper Company will do to him if he fails to meet that draft. It's awful, Mr. Watterson, to be cornered in that style when you feel called upon to write something to save the Democratic party and thereby save the country.

But Mr. Watterson is truly a genius—indisputably the greatest editor in the whole, wide world. Long after we of the "varmints and reptiles" are forgotten, and over our mouldering dust the seasons of the centuries will have grown myriads of crops of "tangled wild-wood," the green grave of Henry Watterson, marked by an imposing monument, will attract the eyes of the generations yet to be born, and they of that day will say, as we of this day have said, "no greater editor ever lived."

Mr. Watterson is eccentric, but there are those who contend that "eccentricity" is a part of genius. This being true it is obvious that to be a genius means also that room must be given in the "make up" of the man for his "peculiar characteristics," and that allowances must be made for occasional overflows and breaks in the dam. But the trouble with Mr. Watterson is briefly this: Having overflowed so many times during the past dozen years the levees are down and the waters have left the channel, and have lost that power that in other days came with the current. What we want to do is to mend the levy, force the river back to its channel, restore the lost power and start Democratic mills to grinding with Courier-Journal water. We have tried to grind without this "lost power," but our mills have turned slowly, and our Democratic wheat is poorly ground, being a sort of cheat, fit only for the coons of the Republican party.

But let us become a little more serious in this discussion, if we may call it a discussion. Let us get down to business as Mr. Watterson is often wont to remark.

In the following manner the editor of the Courier-Journal introduces one of the paragraphs from our remarks of March 4:

"From yet a third member of the guild of varmints and reptiles the following tit-bits are extracted at random. The writer, it will be remarked, is roused to such floods of mutiny and rage, not by the Fuedists of the Mountains, or the Night-Riders of the Tobacco-belt—bying prodigious loss and profound disgrace to our dear Kentucky—but by the disposition of a piece of pie. He is still harping upon the Senatorship."

"It is a fact, of which the Courier-Journal is aware, that every effort was made to induce the bolting Democratic to 'name the man'—even McCleary—any decent white man—and the Beckham followers assured them that they would stand with them and elect the man of their choice. But they not only refused to consider, but refused to listen. Beckham consented to withdraw from the race, and also promised to do all in his power to elect any respectable Democrat that the bolters would name, but they rejected his offers and turned a deaf ear to his entreaties."

"If this be true, the Courier-Journal deserves to lose the confidence of its readers and Gov. Beckham deserves his re-quit."

The middle paragraph, set with indentation, is the product of the "varmint" who "presides over the destinies of The Springfield Sun." Note that we say in this paragraph that Beckham "consented to withdraw." Also note that Mr. Watterson says: "If this be true, the Courier-Journal deserves to lose the confidence of its readers and Gov. Beckham deserves his re-quit."

We are assured by a member of the Legislature—a man whose veracity can not be doubted—that our statement is correct, and that Gov. Beckham pleaded with the Democrats of the Legislature not to permit a Republican to be elected, but to unite upon some good Democrat, other than the nominee, and elect him over Bradley. If Mr. Watterson desires the proof it may not be impossible to present it, though we must say we fail to see wherein 'twill do good at

this late day to "requit" Gov. Beckham and to cause the Courier-Journal to lose the "confidence" of its readers.

Other paragraphs from The Sun's article of March 4 are reproduced by Mr. Watterson, following which is the usual "skinning," done in Wattersonian style to a queen's taste. Then, after a few remarks on "night-riding politics and their newspaper organs," Mr. Watterson continues:

"I have been often asked whether I am ruffled by newspaper abuse. Like the man who 'did not believe in ghosts because he had seen too many of them,' I have grown too used to the knock-down and drag-out style of discussion to regard it very seriously, even when regarding it at all. One gets hardened to being 'massacred,' and drawn and quartered, and then hung out to dry! Generally it is, in meant for little other than horse play."

We have it from Mr. Watterson's own pen that he is not "ruffled" by newspaper "abuse." We are glad that Mr. Watterson has said so—we are glad he is "hardened," and considers that these "tartar-tilts" are "meant for little other than horse-play." There was a time when newspaper criticism "ruffled" the editor of The Sun. Of course it doesn't "happen to us" often, because we are not big enough game to get shot at "more'n once in a while." But since Mr. Watterson has named us "reptile" and "varmint"—snake and pole cat—we feel like we can "stand up" and turn bullets like a stone wall. This comes next:

"An excess of adjectives implies a poverty of ideas and the total absence of conviction. The 'boys' who thus indulge themselves, where not drunken, or by nature vicious, are merely performing before an audience of bunnies, or 'letting off steam.' They have scant thought, or care for the force of language. Like dwarfs and cripples they take license and expect immunity from their impotence."

Comment is unnecessary, and we "pass it by with a wave of the hand," including only the remark that if "an excess of adjectives implies a poverty of ideas" Mr. Watterson never had an "idea" in his life. "Adjectives"—they are the "little tricks" the editor of the Courier-Journal uses when he climbs over the moon to knock the north star out of socket.

A hop, a skip and a jump, in which are surmounted two paragraphs and a bit of poetry we come to the following:

"The belief has come to be universal that corrupt agencies are common to legislative bodies everywhere. There should be some means of getting at the truth, and then of correcting the evil. If it be not corrected it will ultimately undermine and destroy not only our Republican system but our National and popular character. But attacks wanton and senseless and indiscriminate do more harm than good, and if my word is worth anything to my professional associates it would urge upon them the virtue of moderation alike in their temper and their parts of speech."

When the next General Assembly meets, if the Courier-Journal will devote one-half the space to a denunciation of lobbyist and grafters that it used to denounce Beckham these fellows will find it too uncomfortable to do business in Frankfort.

Naturally the Courier-Journal is Democratic. It was born that way. But it broke loose from Democratic moorings in 1895, and has been a sort of "free ship" upon the high seas ever since, bringing in port each tall Republican "cargoes," which are fired at the Democratic party through handbooks and circular letters. But we have Mr. Watterson's word for it that the old ship is going to fly the Democratic flag at its mast-head next fall, and "come a-sailing into Democratic ports with "double-leaded" Democracy and half-painted pictures of Billie J. Bryan. Good! Clap your hands, gentlemen and fellow citizens! Corn-fed the old roan steer, and stuff the big-horn buck with clover, and we'll have a killing of these fatted creatures when the prodigals trot down the gang-plank and shake hands with old pa Democracy. "Deed we will!

Woolly-rooster, crow! you son-of-a-gun, crow!  
Now, Mr. Watterson, just a parting word: Be good!—take your seat with pen in hand and give the Republicans

h—ll. Paint us a picture—a landscape of Kentucky with Bryan all over it and "THIRTY THOUSAND MAJORITY" stretched clean across the sky.

New York, Indiana, Illinois—Democratic. The Solid South—OK, and the Western welkins ringing with thundering majorities; Maine and Pennsylvania close, and the Philippines in doubt. Watch the bulletins, and be ready to fling your hat toward the moon. "Them good tidings is a-coming."

Everybody, get in the band-wagon, and let's all go together—same as brothers in the flesh. Mr. Watterson will have a high seat, and will be presented with a red feather for his cap. The lizards and the snakes will be properly disciplined, and if a pole cat rubs against Marse Henry, his skunkship will be summarily dealt with.

And, won't it be fun?  
Illiterates, go to school and learn how to spell VICTORY!

### THREATENING LETTERS.

A number of Washington county tobacco growers received threatening and insulting letters this morning, ordering them to cut out the 1908 crop of tobacco. It is reported that ten of these letters came through the mail. They were postmarked Harrodsburg, and were signed "Mercer County Night Riders." Evidently they were written by one and the same person. The language and spelling are bad, and the construction of the letters displays ignorance, though it may have been a disguise.

This matter will be investigated by the postoffice authorities, and it is hoped that the scoundrel, or scoundrels, who are engaging in this nefarious business will be apprehended, tried and sent to the penitentiary. The penitentiary is the natural home of an individual who writes such letters as these received by Washington county farmers this morning.

The law-abiding citizens of Washington county should stand together, as one man, and see to it that no invasion is made upon the rights of a single citizen. Law must be supreme in this county. Otherwise we shall sink to the level of disgrace. Under a reign of riot property values will be as nothing—human life as cheap as the chaff upon the winds, and decency will be at the mercy of a gang as soulless as the stones of the hills.

Let us say, and emphasize it with a meaning that is as clear as the noon-day sun, that criminal bands shall not operate in Washington county. The lawlessness of our homes demand that we be up and doing in this hour, when the hands of the anarchist and midnight incendiary are at the very throat of Kentucky, with flashing dagger and flaming torch.

Hiram Hedges, a well-to-do farmer, residing near Carlisle, Ky., was called from his home last Friday night and foully murdered by a gang of marauding assassins. Unarmed, standing upon his own doornail, pleading with the cowardly fellows for mercy, he was deliberately, and without provocation, shot down, as a common cur among the flocks of the pasture would be shot down. And the murderous ruffians who committed the foul act rode away as hilarious as a drunken crowd returning from a night of revelry, leaving the man to die in the arms of his prostrate family.

Shall we permit a repetition of the Nicholas county crime in Washington county? It will come to this if we sit idly by—with folded arms, and with white feathers and pale features conspicuously displayed.

Get to your guns, gentlemen, and swear by the Love of your Creator that no scoundrel shall ruthlessly cross the sacred precincts of your home.

**GET MARRIED**  
ANY TIME, but send us your orders for wedding invitations. We have the latest styles, lowest prices, and do best work. Samples at 10c.

### LUCK TO YOU.

Mr. Robert Thornbury has sold the Marion Falcon to Mr. John R. Thomas and Mr. Charles L. Hunter, those gentlemen now having charge of the paper. Mr. Hunter has been connected with the Lebanon Enterprise for a number of years. He is an experienced newspaper man and knows the "ins and outs of the shop" from the smallest detail in the rear to the "weightiest problem" in the sanctum in front. Mr. Thomas is a young business man, full of grit and energy. He will round up matters on the outside for Hunter of the inside and in this manner they will make ends meet and lap over some. Bet you they will! They are mighty good fellows; religiously Democratic, and they may expect success in a reasonably full measure. Good luck to you, brethren, and may you "get there and stay there"—where the lily nods howdydo to the rose and there's never a cloud in the sky.

### FIRE

In Oil House of Haydon & Robertson's Drug Store Saturday Night.

At 10:30 o'clock Saturday night fire was discovered in the paint and oil house to the rear of Haydon & Robertson's drug store, and for a few minutes it looked like another serious fire for Springfield. The building is of frame and sits within a few feet of the rear of the drug store. The blaze was discovered by a colored man, and while it was not under much headway, it was feared the flames would burn into some barrels of turpentine and coal oil before the arrival of the fire department. However the hose was soon turned on, the fire was extinguished in a jiffy, and the fire department and the Springfield Water Company scored another victory over the fire demon. Investigation revealed the fact that in a few minutes more the fire would have ignited the oil in the building, and it is believed much damage would have resulted before it could have been subdued. Hope from some of the barrels were melted in two.

The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is thought some one smoking in the yard thoughtlessly dropped a lighted cigar or match in some waste against the outside of the building. The damage is slight.

### No Sale.

In the city dailies of yesterday it was reported that a deal had been made with the Continental Tobacco Company and that the 1906-07 crops of burley had been sold. The story is denied by the Board of Control.

### Will Build Auditorium.

Lebanon Enterprise: The directors of the Proctor Knott Chautauque Association held a meeting Monday, at which some very important business was transacted. The public will be glad to learn that an auditorium will be built at once, plans having already been adopted. The contract for the erection of the building will, it is believed, be let within the next few days.

The auditorium will be a plain but substantial structure 100x100 feet, and capable of seating 1800 people on the ground floor. It will be so built that it can easily be enlarged and, if needed, a gallery easily added. It will be built of yellow pine throughout, lighted by windows in the roof, and will also be opened on the sides to admit free circulation of air.

The grounds have just been surveyed and laid off into lots, and in a few days the "grounds committee" will advertise a day for auctioning off the lots. Some of the choice lots will doubtless go at a high figure as much interest is manifested in the matter. Persons who have subscribed for stock and have not paid for it are requested to call at once upon the stock committee and do so, that the projected improvements may go through without hindrance. An excellent program has been arranged for the next assembly, and everything now gives promise of the meeting being the largest and best that has yet been held.



# THE MCHORD BILL

The fight for the McChord Bill, which was killed in the "final wind-up" in the Senate, will be carried to the next Legislature by the tobacco people of Kentucky. There have been so many misrepresentations in regard to certain features of this bill that we print the bill in order to give our readers an opportunity to judge of the merits of the measure. It is herewith printed in full:

AN ACT to promote and regulate the tobacco industry in Kentucky.

WHEREAS, One-third of all kinds of tobacco grown in the United States, and ninety per cent of certain kinds of tobacco produced therein is grown in Kentucky; and whereas by reason of the small territory in which tobacco can be successfully produced, trade in tobacco can easily be, and has been monopolized, to the great injury of many thousand citizens of Kentucky who are engaged in growing tobacco; and whereas by reason of the unfair methods of such monopoly and consequent injury to such citizens, acts of lawlessness, violence and disorder have recently occurred, and a state of unrest exists throughout this Commonwealth, and whereas the use of tobacco in many instances is productive of injurious effects; and whereas deleterious substances are used in the manufacture and growing of tobacco; by reason of all of which conditions public policy demands that the tobacco industry in Kentucky be regulated by and placed under the police power of the State. Therefore

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky:

SEC. 1. All persons, corporations or foreign governments who may be engaged in the occupation of manufacturing tobacco in this State, or in buying leaf or unmanufactured tobacco grown in this State for the purpose of the same being used by them, or some other person or corporation under control of the purchasers, for the purpose of using the same in the manufacture of tobacco in this State or elsewhere, are hereby required to transact the business of purchasing or manufacturing tobacco in this State under and subject to the provisions of this law, and shall, before engaging in either of said occupations, or continuing the same after this law goes into effect, procure and pay license therefor as hereinafter provided.

SEC. 2. The license to engage in either of said occupations shall be granted by the Commissioner of Agriculture of Kentucky, on the applicant for such license complying with all the provisions of this law, and paying into the Treasury of this State a sum equal to ten cents on each one thousand pounds of tobacco grown in this State and which may have been purchased in this State or elsewhere for the purpose as stated in Section 1 of this act, or manufactured in this State by the applicant, or persons or corporation controlled by it, within one year next before the time the application is made for such license. If any such purchaser of such tobacco is a manufacturer of tobacco in this State, and the quantity manufactured in this State during said time is greater than the quantity purchased for the purpose of manufacture during such time, then the amount to be paid for such license shall be computed on the quantity manufactured in this State during said time; and if the quantity of such tobacco purchased in this State or elsewhere for the purpose of being manufactured in this State or elsewhere be greater than the amount of tobacco manufactured in this State by the applicant during said time, then the amount to be paid for such license shall be computed on the amount so purchased. If the applicant for license be a foreign government, the agent for such government may make the application and take the license in his individual name; and in case the license be granted to the agent, he and his principal shall in all respects be subject to and governed by all the provisions of this law. The amount to be paid for such license by each applicant shall be determined by the Commissioner of Agriculture on the statement of the applicant as hereinafter required to be filed, or on such other evidence of such facts as the Commissioner of Agriculture may require. The money received under the provisions of this law from license

made, shall be guilty of the crime of false swearing, and shall be punished as provided by law for such offenses.

SEC. 6. If the statement filed as required by Section 5 of this act discloses or if the fact be that the person making the application for such license, or his principal or the principal and persons or corporation under its control, or others who were in a combination with the principal, had, during one year next before the time the application for license be made, purchased or manufactured or used in its or their business as much as fifty per cent of the tobacco produced in Kentucky, or as much as fifty per cent of any one kind or class of tobacco, that is, dark or burley tobacco, produced therein during one year next before the time such application shall be made, such person or corporation shall, for the purposes of this law, be deemed and held to be a trust and monopoly, and to have monopolized the trade in such tobacco of which such per cent, or more is a part, and shall not be granted license unless it shall enter into a contract to and with the Commonwealth of Kentucky (and which contract shall continue during the existence of the license) to the effect that such trust or monopoly will not directly or indirectly discriminate in favor of or against any person in the purchase of such leaf tobacco; and that it will not resort to any device, scheme, combination or confederation with any other person for the purpose of depriving any seller of such leaf tobacco of a reasonable and fair price therefor; and that it will conform to and obey all such reasonable rules and regulations, that may be adopted from time to time by the Commissioner of Agriculture to protect the tobacco growers of this State from oppressive methods which in the judgment of the Commissioner may be practiced by any such trust or monopoly by its manner of purchasing such leaf tobacco; of which rules the trust shall have reasonable notice.

SEC. 7. The license that may be granted to any trust under this law shall not protect it from any prosecution for violating the anti-trust laws of this State, nor shall any statement filed in the office of the Commissioner of Agriculture by any such trust or monopoly, or any contract entered into by it with the State be used as evidence against such trust and monopoly in any prosecution against it for violating the general anti-trust laws of this State; nor for any other purposes except in action or prosecutions for violating the provisions of this Act, and except in prosecutions for false swearing to statements required to be filed by Section 5 of this Act.

SEC. 8. For the purpose of putting this Act into effective operation, the Commissioner of Agriculture shall, from time to time adopt and record in a book to be kept in his office for that purpose, all such reasonable rules and regulations for the proper government and control of all such trusts and monopolies as may have license, that all such concerns may be prevented from oppression or defrauding persons engaged in raising and selling leaf tobacco.

SEC. 9. The Commissioner of Agriculture shall have printed all necessary blank forms of application for license, blank form of license, and with the assistance of the Attorney General, prepare and have printed blank forms of contracts to be executed by all trusts and monopolies as is required by this Act. The forms of license shall, so far as may be practicable, be the same as forms provided for by the general laws of this State for other occupations. The license, when issued, shall not take effect, nor confer any authority to do business thereunder, until the amount due the State therefor shall have been paid into the State Treasury by the applicant, and the receipt of the Treasurer for the money paid endorsed thereon.

SEC. 10. The Commissioner of Agriculture shall, by and with the advice and consent of the Governor, appoint some suitable person as Assistant Commissioner of Agriculture, who shall hold his office during the term of the Commissioner of Agriculture, unless removed from office by the Commissioner, or he may do at any time, and appoint a successor, subject to the approval of the Governor. The Assistant shall, under the direction of the Commissioner of Agriculture, investigate the methods of transacting business by all persons and corporations engaged in buying leaf tobacco and manufacturing same, who are required to have license under this law; especially the methods of purchasing leaf tobacco in this State, of all trusts and monopolies; and shall have power to summon and swear witnesses and shall reduce to writing such testimony taken before him; and shall report in writing from time to time to the Commissioner of Agriculture and file in his office all testimony taken; and shall make such recommendation as he may deem proper at the revocation of license as hereinafter provided; and to discharge all such other duties that the Commissioner of Agriculture may require.

For his services the Assistant Commissioner shall be paid an annual salary of two thousand four hundred dollars, payable in monthly installments and all necessary traveling expenses while engaged in the discharge of the duties of his office, which salary and all expenses

of the Assistant Commissioner and all other expenses that may be incurred under this law, shall be paid out of said tobacco fund (and not otherwise) by warrant of the Auditor on the Treasurer, on the recommendation of the Commissioner of Agriculture, with the approval of the Governor. No money shall be paid out of said funds unless an itemized account shall be rendered, accompanied by an affidavit of the claimant showing the correctness and reasonableness of the charges.

SEC. 11. Any person or corporation which shall violate any provision of the Act, or any trust or monopoly which shall violate any provisions of this law or any portion of its contract or rule or regulation adopted by the Commissioner of Agriculture shall forfeit the license and the amount paid therefor.

SEC. 12. Whenever the Commissioner of Agriculture has reasonable grounds to believe that any person or corporation has violated any provision of this law, or that any trust or monopoly has violated any provision of this law or any part of its contract, or rule or regulation adopted by the Commissioner, as hereinafter provided, it shall be the duty of such Commissioner to file in the office of the Clerk of the Franklin Circuit Court a written statement of the acts occurring in any part of this State constituting a forfeiture of the license; or he may file such statement in the office of the Clerk of a circuit court in any county in this State in which the violation may have occurred. The Franklin Circuit Court shall have concurrent jurisdiction with all circuit courts in this State for the trial of proceedings under this section. Immediately after the filing of such statement the Commonwealth's Attorney of the district, or the County Attorney of the county in which such statement may be filed, and at the request of the Commissioner of Agriculture shall institute an ordinary action in the Circuit Court of the county in which such statement may be filed, in the name of the Commonwealth of Kentucky against the offending party, stating the facts which it is claimed constitute the forfeiture of license, in which action proceedings may be had as in other civil actions by ordinary proceedings. On the trial, if the defendant be convicted, the court shall adjudge that the license issued by the Commissioner of Agriculture to such defendant shall be cancelled and revoked, and the defendant shall not be granted another license to transact such business, except on the payment of twice the amount of license tax as hereinafter provided.

SEC. 13. The Commissioner of Agriculture shall establish, and have under his control and in his office, a bureau of information and statistics concerning the growing, handling and selling of tobacco in this State, and shall take such steps as he may deem proper, subject to the approval of the Governor, to foster and promote the tobacco industry and interest in this State, and the welfare of all tobacco growers therein; and for that purpose shall, with the approval of the Governor, employ such clerical and other assistance as he may deem necessary to comply with, and to enforce the provisions of this law. All expenses incident to the discharge of the duties of the Commissioner of Agriculture and his employees under this section shall be paid out of the tobacco fund, and not otherwise.

SEC. 14. Any person or corporation who are required to procure license by the provisions of this law, who shall engage in purchasing or manufacturing tobacco grown in this State without license, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined not less than One Hundred, nor more than One Thousand Dollars for each day he or it may engage in such business without license.

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year

**Cantilevia, No. 13480**

This fine Stallion will make the season of 1908 at my place six miles from Springfield on the Mackville and Springfield turnpike at

**\$10 for Horse Colt and \$12 for Mare Colt.**

**Colts insured to live until weaned**

CANTILEVIA is a Bay horse, foaled 1889 by Onward, No. 1411, sire of Onward Silver, and others just as good.

First dam Fanchon, by Hamlin's Albany, 2nd dam by Edwin Forrest, 4th dam by Star Davis, Thoroughbred.

A lien retained on colts until season fee is paid or mare parted with. Care will be taken to prevent accidents but will not be responsible should any occur.

"This horse is the sire of some of the best colts in the country. I have one of his colts that has paced a mile in less than 2:20. Yours truly, J. H. Beam."

**J. S. SUTTON**

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year

**THE WOMAN AMMANUELS.**

The male amanuensis has been hopelessly beaten in the race by the busy woman scholar. Her industry is tireless and her knowledge absolutely thorough. Her winning qualification is patience—the dry details which slacken a man's attention are vigorously grappled with in her case, so that the demand for her labor and knowledge is on the increase.

In a few years, however, she will have wiped the male amanuensis out of existence. But it is characteristic of her that the British museum is the only great building in London in which one never sees a pretty costume—except inside the cover of a book—Woman's Life.

**FOR HORSE MULE \$6 and \$7 FOR MARE MULE.**

**Laura M. Coulter**

## CHESTNUT DARE!



**CHESTNUT DARE is a Large, Handsome Saddle and Harness Horse with Style, Bone, Substance, Finish and Conformation.**

He combines the blood of the Great Chester Dare and the renowned Chief Family. His sire is Chester Dare 10, and his dam by Red Chief, he by Clark Chief, the sire of Harrison Chief, the granddam of the great Montgomery Chief and Bourbon King.

A test of breeding qualities of a horse is the sale and show ring. As to the sale ring he sired the highest priced lot of colts ever sold in Washington county. As to the show ring, not one of his colts of four seasons have ever been defeated by the colts of any horse owned or farmed in county. They won every tie, blue and red (eight in all) given by the Washington County Fair Association at our last fair. His yearlings won six of the eight ribbons tied in full rings. He sired the winning two-year-old and the 2nd premium three-year-old harness mares in rings of seven entries; while he was shown only twice in saddle and harness rings of eight entries and won easily. Mr. Allen who was selected by the fair Association to please notice and consider before breeding elsewhere. He not only produces sellers at weanlings, but sellers and show horses as they advance in age. I again solicit the patronage of all owners of good mares in this and adjoining counties.

This horse will make the present season at my place near Springfield at

**\$20 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT.**

**B. B. LEACHMAN**

R. F. D. No. 3. Springfield, Kentucky.

### AMERICANS IN GRAND OPERA.

There Are Few of Them Because They Won't Sing in Chorus.

Opera-goers would have to discard their opera glasses and lorgnettes for telescopes to find the Americans on the Metropolitan stage. There are only about ten in all, and they are in the chorus, says the New York Times. Of this dearth of Americans a member of the executive staff at the Metropolitan said:

"Americans with operatic aspirations are not content to go into the chorus. They must be at the top of the heap and have the principal roles or nothing. The result is we have no professional chorus people. In Europe the chorus man or woman makes it a regular profession. Generation after generation in a family often goes into it. They know the repertoire, which Americans do not. So there is nothing left to do but to bring the chorus people from abroad. In the course of time, I suppose, this will be corrected. Mr. Conried is trying to find a remedy with the school of opera. The American is still, however, an exception in the grand opera chorus."

**Labby's Irregular Lead.**

While Henry Labouchere was an athlete at Frankfurt he was once playing whist against a very high German functionary, sitting on his left. Mr. Labouchere led a small card. The lead turned out so well that he won the rest of the tricks. The minister said: "Well, Mr. Labouchere, you won the game by leading that card, but there was no earthly reason, according to the rules of the game, why you should have done so. You have therefore won the rubber by accident."

Mr. Labouchere said: "I had a very good reason for leading that card." The minister asked what it was. "We will have a bet," said Mr. Labouchere, "that my reason was a good one. The bet was therefore made." "Now, Mr. Labouchere, what was your reason?" He replied: "I had seen your hand."—Rambler.

**The Woman Amanuensis.**

The male amanuensis has been hopelessly beaten in the race by the busy woman scholar. Her industry is tireless and her knowledge absolutely thorough. Her winning qualification is patience—the dry details which slacken a man's attention are vigorously grappled with in her case, so that the demand for her labor and knowledge is on the increase.

In a few years, however, she will have wiped the male amanuensis out of existence. But it is characteristic of her that the British museum is the only great building in London in which one never sees a pretty costume—except inside the cover of a book—Woman's Life.

**FOR HORSE MULE \$6 and \$7 FOR MARE MULE.**

**Laura M. Coulter**

## Have You Used



**VERIBEST PAINT**

If not, then do so when you want a good, satisfactory Paint for all purposes, both inside and outside. Color cards and prices furnished on application.

**Strassel-Gans Paint Co., INCORPORATED.**

**Paints, Oils, Brushes, Glass, Etc.**

215 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky.

**Mambrino**

**Winchester Boy!**

Will make the season of 1908 at my place, at Booker Station, at

**\$8.00**

To Insure a Colt to Stand and Suck.

Mambrino Winchester Boy is 7-years-old, 16 hands high, black with one white foot. He is a good Saddle and Harness Horse and fine looker.

**PEDIGREE:** Mambrino Winchester Boy is by Mambrino Boy, Jr., 6997, the sire of Volo 2:12 and others, and one sired by a record of 2:59. Mambrino Boy, Jr., by the great Mambrino 2:59.

Mambrino Winchester Boy's first dam is by Boyd Winchester, he by Boyd McNara by Snowstorm.

**A LIEN RETAINED ON ALL COLTS TO SECURE SERVICE FEE.**

At the same time and place, and under the same condition as the horse, my fine Jack,

**DICK**

Will make the season. Dick was sired by Benton Cox's Grey Jack, 16 1/2 hands high. First dam by Caldwell's Imported Poleo.

**FOR HORSE MULE \$6 and \$7 FOR MARE MULE.**

**Laura M. Coulter**

## The Genuine Brown Cultivator!

Hand Operated and Most Up-to-Date Cultivator on the Market Today.

**Both Disc & Shovel Styles. Parallel Beams & Spring Trips.**

Mr. Dealer—Cultivate your Customer, a pleased customer is your best advertisement. Mr. Farmer—If you want to get rid of the blues take up a BROWN.

We are State Agents for Studebaker Wagons, Oliver, Sulky and Breaking Plows, Thomas Drills, Rakes and Disc Harrows, Leam all Steel Smoothing Harrows and Land Rollers. Write for Catalogues.

**A FULL LINE OF FIELD SEEDS.**

**Lewis & Chambers, Louisville, Ky.**

[16-3m]



## HANCOCK MONUMENT AT WASHINGTON



## OWNS ENTIRE TOWN

UNIQUE DISTINCTION OF J. R. MECK OF MECKVILLE, PA.

Postmaster is Pooh-Bah of Only One-Man Power Community in the Country—Houses in the Village Owned by Him.

Meckville, Pa.—In this northwestern part of Berks county, at the foot of the Blue mountains, lives Jacob R. Meck, who can boast the ownership of an entire village, the only one-man-power village in this country.

He conducts the post office and it is named after him; the farmers bring their milk every morning to the creamery which is run by the postmaster; the village store is under the same management, and, while the village is small, this mercantile establishment is one of the most enterprising found in the country districts of Berks county—50 feet square, three stories high and packed full from cellar to garret with all sorts of goods, from the tiny row of pins to grain drills and harvesting machines and commercial fertilizer.

While the village does not boast a hotel, the village owner has a whole-sale liquor store.

Besides the business part of town, the village contains half a dozen houses, all owned by Mr. Meck.

It was established in 1836 by Michael B. Myers, and in 1871 a brother of the present proprietor became part owner, and the place was called Meckville.

In those early days the business of the place was farming leather.

In 1879 Mr. Meck, the present owner, became proprietor of the entire village and postmaster, and has been holding the dual honor ever since.

The community is thickly settled, and the young folks needed some employment other than work on the large farms, and for months Mr. Meck studied how he could keep them in the neighborhood, so one day he drove half a dozen stakes on one of his corner properties and now it is the site of an enterprising shirt factory.

Meckville is near the Lebanon county line, and across the border Mr. Meck has operated a creamery and canning establishment at Fredericksburg for years.

Doing all this keeps a proprietor of a village rather busy, and yet Mr. Meck finds time to travel, never misses a world's fair or exposition, and the jovial Berks county "prince of county merchants" always finds a minute or two to pass a joke, whether speaking with friend or stranger.

## YOUNG ENOUGH TO WED AT 135.

Hale Negro Obtains License and Marries Girl of Twenty-Eight.

New York.—Just to prove that Cupid is no respecter of age, William Brooks Mason, a negro, who gave his age as 136 years, applied for a license at the marriage bureau. The announcement caused the license clerks to grab their desks for support, for Mason, who says he is a street preacher, didn't look much over 60 years old.

When some lightning calculator had figured that the would-be bridegroom was three years old at the time of the Boston tea party, and was four years older than the United States, there was plenty of scurrying around by the city hall attaches to take a look at him.

He gave his birthplace as Havana, Cuba, and admitted that this was his second matrimonial venture in the last 100 years. His first wedding, he said, was a century ago, his first wife dying ten years ago.

Ella Haynes, 28 years old, was the bride-elect. When the license had been issued the couple stepped into Alderman Smith's office and he read the service, joining the two in matrimony.

## SYCAMORE VALLEY.

The contractor of the pike will begin work about the first of April.

We are glad to report the sick of this community improving.

Mr. J. W. Romine and family, of Black, Ky., visited Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Prather from Friday till Sunday.

John Settles spent Friday night with F. M. Shewmaker, of near Mackville. T. W. and J. D. Sutherland were in Mackville Saturday evening on business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Prather spent Friday night and Saturday with friends at Williamsburg.

Misses Maud and Eva Inman and Sarah Shields were guests of Mrs. J. D. Sutherland Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Melloy and son, J. R., attended the birthday dinner given in honor of Mr. Billie Melloy by the Melloy family last Wednesday.

Mrs. E. F. Sails and son, Rodman, Will Bowels and J. D. Sutherland were in Mackville Tuesday afternoon.

Tom Melloy sold a tract of land containing 19 acres to John Melloy; price \$34 per acre.

S. W. Romine and family, J. S. Inman and family, T. W. Sutherland and wife, John, Ballard and Coleman Settles dined with Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Prather Sunday.

Tom Melloy bought a mare from John Melloy for \$150, and one from Mrs. Harry Shewmaker for \$100.

The farmers are having bad luck with their sheep. They have lost a good many lambs and some old sheep.

Mrs. Otis Harmon and little son visited her parents at Mackville Saturday and Sunday.

Coleman Settles sold a horse to Walter Cutsinger for \$40.

Mrs. Merritt Sea and son were with her parents at Mooreville Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. Billie Melloy will return to his home in Bacane, Ill., this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Crock have returned to their home at Bloomfield, after an extended visit to Mrs. Crock's brother.

J. H. Settles sold a horse to Sam Settles, of Lebanon, for \$75.

## LONG LICK.

Mrs. Mary Mayes, who has been very sick for some time, we are sorry to say is no better.

Mr. Wood Yankee lost a valuable horse last week from an unknown cause.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pope were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Lowe Monday.

Mr. Frank Graves and family spent part of last week with relatives at Burgin.

Little Lloyd Harmon, who has been quite sick, is some better.

Mr. Jas. Holderman and Miss Rosa Barker drove to Springfield Wednesday and were married.

Mr. Edward Graves, wife and little son, Emmett, visited at the home of Mr. Woodford Graves Sunday.

Mr. Tom Skeates and wife spent Sunday with Mr. Charlie Harmon and wife.

Miss Effie and Master Earl Noel, who have been visiting Mr. Henry Noel for some time, have returned home.

Mr. Ollie Yankee died at the Feeble Minded Institute at Hopkinsville Saturday night and was brought here Tuesday for burial. Bro. Burdum preached the funeral at the home of Mr. Dave Yankee. Interment took place at the family graveyard at that place at 11 a. m. He was a member of the M. E. church. He leaves father and mother, one sister and three brothers to mourn their loss. We extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved ones, especially the aged parents.

Next Day the Bridge Tender Suddenly Lost His Sight.

New York.—Dreaming that he had been stricken blind while at work, Thomas Pendergast, age 25, of Hoboken, employed as a bridge tender at the Lackawanna ferry, awoke suddenly while in bed, finding it only a dream, turned over and went to sleep again.

In the morning he told his wife of his strange dream, and she told him not to worry. He also told his fellow workmen, and they laughed at him. Shortly before time to quit work the other night, at seven o'clock, and while he was winding the hawser about the drum at the ferry, he became blind suddenly as the crowds of commuters were rushing for their trains.

His comrades were quickly at his side in response to his terrified cry. He was taken into the waiting-room and a doctor summoned. Pendergast was placed in a chair and taken home, where several doctors worked over him all night in a vain effort to restore his sight.

Has Eaten Twenty-Seven Miles of Pie.

Winona, Minn.—W. H. Frye, a veterinarian, has been in the service ever since 1869, and next July will celebrate his seventy-fourth birthday anniversary. He is a pie lover and naturally has eaten many pies at railway lunch counters.

He has figured it out that if a line of pies were laid between Winona and La Crosse, a distance of 27 miles, he has during his service eaten pie equivalent to a strip inches wide through these pies as thus laid out. He has traveled about 2,000,000 miles, or about 80 times around the world.

Neuralgia Pains

Are the result of an abnormal condition of the more prominent nerve branches, caused by congestion, irritation, or disease. If you want to relieve the pain try Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They often relieve when everything else fails. They leave no disagreeable after-effects. Just a pleasurable sense of relief. Try them.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

## FARMERS' EDUCATIONAL AND CO-OPERATIVE UNION OF AMERICA

Plant peanuts, pigs and poultry, and you will not know whether there are any hard times or not.

Let this be the banner Union year of your life by making it the best all round year you have ever lived.

Take time this week to make your split log drag, and use it whenever you can't do much else out of doors.

You can not get out of the old ruts unless you change the old methods. Diversify and get out of the old ruts.

Get a little more of the social life into your meetings. Let the young people know what a fine lot of people we are.

Well, now what do you think of the solidity of the organization? It is all here, and it is bigger than ever before in its history.

It is a mighty good time to plant a few more trees. Have you no neglected spot that is big enough for a tree to grow?

Those who have been sufferers from "hard times," whatever that is, are those who have "put their foot in it" with the octopus of debt.

There is nothing possible without harmony. You must make up your mind to concede fully as much as you ask the other fellow to concede.

Won't somebody—just any old body—please name one honest, useful necessary and legitimate interest that would not be benefitted rather than hurt?

After all, the cotton seed sold for a pretty good price, and the cotton will do the same, so far as it is not rushed on the market at the "dumping" price.

When you diversify, be sure that you diversify, for it is no diversification to simply change from one crop to another. Diversification means a variety of crops.

What your taxes are is not so important a matter as what they are spent for. If you get your money's worth, they are all right; but if you do not, they are too high.

The demand of this day and time are for an educated people for all the talks of life. In the day when all lacked education all had an even play. That day is gone forever.

There is no use in trying to make a good farmer of a lazy man. The first essential of anything in the way of a man is a reasonable amount of industry. Diligence in one's business is the very first essential.

Cut down the acreage, but put out plenty of feed stuff and watch the pigs, poultry and yearlings grow. These are all money crops in every country and under all circumstances.

The day on which to make new resolves is to-day.

It is the duty of the local Unions to sit down hard on the demagogues who, from time to time, come into the order to use it for the purpose of advancing themselves alone. Do your duty, or else you will be in the failure of the order to do its intended work.

Don't you be misled by the sweet talk of the professional politician. He is not in our line of business, and his living is made off the stuff we raise and sell. Politicians are probably a necessity, but we can not be too particular about the sort of politicians we take up with.

It is not the purpose nor the teachings of the Union that there is any rivalry over wealth or competency. It is the firm belief, however, that there is a good living for every man, and if he gets what is coming to him, he will be provided for in old age.

It is a mighty good time to have a big, open meeting and invite all the people to come out and have a good time at the Union meeting place. Nothing like a rousing open meeting to help the initiation business and whoop up the enthusiasm of the old members.

Don't let this year pass away with doing something definite about making your home school better. Good roads is the first step toward making the country schools what they ought to be. Good roads come easy to the man who has a split log drag and mees it.

The price of fruit to-day is three times as high as twenty years ago, notwithstanding the fact that there are three trees to one now as compared with then.

The best work of the Union now is to counsel the reduction of cotton acreage, and urge the planting of a variety of all the things that you can raise at home for home use. The next best thing is to assist the lethargic members to get good seed.

Always and everywhere remember that the Union is not formed to help you to "sail on flowery beds of ease." This world is not built of the sort of things that are easy. The Union is only for the purpose of getting for you the things that are yours, and to help you earn more things.

## DO YOU WANT ONE?

If you have a desire to own a piano we will tell you how to save \$108 on a high-grade, guaranteed instrument. It's well worth your while to investigate our new and economical plan of piano selling. It's not the old way, but our new way. Whether you buy for cash or on payments you will be interested.

With us today for free booklet; tells you all about it. Gives you information worth knowing.

Montenegro-Riehm Music Co.

INCORPORATED.

628-630 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

## LONG RUN.

We are expecting an unusually large cabbage crop this year, for never before have we heard of so many beds being sown, and some of them are as much as 100 feet long.

We heard of a flock of wild geese passing north one day last week. Agreeable to the old sign winter is over, but we have had so little cold weather we believe they could have stayed in the north in safety the past winter.

Mr. George Russell and family visited Mr. and Mrs. John Best, near Stewart, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Staton spent last Thursday night with their uncle, Mr. J. S. Coyle, on Deep Creek.

"Mr. Matt Mayes passed here Sunday en route to the Short Line, but as the correspondents only write the news I should have left this out, for this is nothing new.

Mr. James Best and family and Mr. Leslie Coyle and wife were guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Christerson Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Russell attended church at Mackville Sunday and were guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Whitehouse.

Mr. Tom Staton, of Simms, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Staton, last week.

Mr. Charlie Cocanougher, wife and son, Luther, visited Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cocanougher Sunday.

Mr. F. L. Staton and wife were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Will Matherly Sunday.

While going to a neighbor's house recently I heard a bell ringing and looking around saw a buzzard with a bell around its neck, and it seemed very proud of its honor, for it flew so very low and close that I could distinctly see the small bell which encircled its neck.

Several from this place attended the reception at Mr. J. W. Elliott's Tuesday given in honor of Mr. John Elliott and wife, who have just returned from their bridal trip to Louisville. A sumptuous dinner was served and an enjoyable day spent. May their life's journey be a long and happy one, is the wish of the writer.

## WE PRINT SALE BILLS AND PRINT THEM RIGHT

## PUBLIC SALE!

OF

## 2 Houses and Lots

IN SPRINGFIELD, ON

Saturday, March 28,

At 2 O'clock, ON THE PREMISES.

These two houses are among the most desirable residences in town, and were formerly the properties of Aunt Mary Thompson. Both houses have five rooms and good lots.

Robert M. Thompson, Administrator.

## Kentucky King No. 76448

This Fine Registered Jersey Bull

Will stand at the HERTLEIN farm one mile north of Springfield on the Lebanon road at a fee of \$1.50

WITH RETURN PRIVILEGE.

ADOLPH HERTLEIN.

## THE SUN AND

	Beta, per page 177
Bryan's Commoner	1.75
Weekly Courier-Journal	1.50
Weekly Louisville Herald	1.25
Nashville American	1.50
Weekly Cincinnati Enquirer	1.75
Weekly Atlanta Constitution	1.75
Semi-Weekly St. Louis Republic	1.75
Semi-Weekly St. Louis Globe	1.75
Democrat	1.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World	1.75
Home and Farm	1.25
American Agriculturist	1.75
American Epitome	1.50
American Farmer	1.50
Breeders' Gazette	2.25
Country Gentleman	2.00
Farm and Fireside	1.85
Farm, Field and Fireside	1.75
Review of Reviews	1.25
Lippincott's Magazine	2.85
Scribner's Magazine	4.00
Ledger Monthly	1.75
Harper's Magazine	4.35
Harper's Weekly	4.35
Sunnv South	1.60

## CLUBBING RATES

—WITH—

## LOUISVILLE DAILIES.

The Sun and The Louisville Times one year	\$5 00
The Sun and the Daily Courier-Journal (except Sunday) 6 40	
Same including Sunday 6 50	
The Sun and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week 3 75	
The Sun and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week, six months 2 30	
The Sun and the Louisville Herald one year 2 25	
The Sun and the Louisville Evening Post one year 4 00	

The Sun and Daily Kentucky State Journal, both one year \$4



**Ice! Ice! Ice!****FOR CASH AND CASH ONLY.****500 and 1,000****Pound Coupon Books****For Sale at 10 per cent.****Discount.****Springfield Water and Electric Light Co.**

THOMAS F. RYAN.

**Obituary.**

God in his divine wisdom has seen fit to break from its stem a flower, a bud, just as it began to lift its tightly folded leaves and reveal the beauties hidden beneath, just in the spring of life, when it began to watch with eager eyes for its mates as one by one they too peeped their heads from out mother earth to mingle their beauty and fragrance with hers.

Little Naomi Malvena, the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Fenwick, born September 27, 1890, called home March 17, 1908. All that loving, tender parents, devoted sisters and brothers and attentive physician could do was done for the little sufferer, but to no avail, and after five days of suffering from that dreadful disease, appendicitis, the little one closed her eyes to open them only in Heaven.

Naomi was nature's own child; none loved flowers, trees and the beautiful green grass as she. The first days of spring would find her watching for them, as they, in response to God's beautiful sunshine, would come from out their cold winter beds and grow and bloom. Day and night found her among them in the open air when the weather would permit and when not she always brought her bouquet in the house.

None could claim a more beautiful, sweet, generous, gentle disposition than she, all who knew her loved her. She leaves a dear mother and father, five sisters and five brothers, besides a number of relatives, friends and playmates to mourn their loss. Weep not for her dear loved one she is not lost, but only gone before to that home above to which we are all traveling.

Little Naomi, sweetest of sweet flowers, Gone to Heaven, from this sinful world of ours, There to wait with open arms to entwine One by one, the twelve loved ones left behind.

A COUSIN.

**DESSERT.**

"We'll get some crullers, some chocolate cake, buns, strawberry tarts and ice cream."  
"What kind of pie shall we have after?"

**Windpipe Severed.**

Harrodsburg Herald: The most remarkable record of human endurance known to the medical profession was demonstrated in the case of George Tompkins, a Danville mail carrier, who had lost his position as a result of insubordination. He became dependent over the loss of his job and on last Thursday swallowed an ounce of carbolic acid and took his bed to die. His family became aware of his deed and summoned physicians who arrived an hour later and pumped the fiery dose from his stomach. Being left unguarded, he arose from his bed, secured a razor and slashed his throat, severing the windpipe. In this condition he lived twenty-four hours before death came. Old physicians declare this is the most remarkable instance of vitality on record in this section.

# Spring Goods Now Arriving

New Embroideries, Val Laces, Cluny Laces, Smyrna and Torchon Laces, Allover Laces and Embroideries.  
All kinds nets for Waists in Black, Cream and Blue.  
New Costume Linens, waist linens and India Linens, Persian Lawns, Organdies and Printed Lawns. Nansooks, Mazalias and Long Cloth.  
New Dress Ginghams, Percals, Shirtings, Ducks, Madras and Novelties.  
New Muslin Underwear for ladies.

## HALF-PRICE SALE

**At the "BIG STORE"**

WILL CONTINUE ON THE FOLLOWING ITEMS:

**Ladies' and Children's Cloaks,  
Ladies' Skirts, Rain  
Coats and Furs.**

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING AT AND BELOW COST.

## New Lace Curtains, Wall Paper.

We have a few pairs of men's Leather Boots at 75c, \$1 and \$1.50. These prices are three times less than the regular price. Space will not permit us to name other bargains.

## The ROBERTSON-CLAYBROOKE CO

INCORPORATED.

**MAUD.**

Mr. Carl Duncan, who has been clerking for Mr. R. M. Arnold, is very ill with pneumonia.

Mr. Pete Shehan is on the sick list. Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Settles entertained at a fish dinner last Sunday. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Ed Nally, of Bardstown, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Dodson and daughter, of Stringtown, Mrs. Sally Goatley, of Valley Hill, Mrs. Susan Stiles and Mr. Jeff Settles and daughter, Frances.

Mr. E. M. Arnold was in Louisville one day last week buying spring goods. Mr. J. M. Montgomery and wife attended a birthday dinner given by Mrs. Edie Pitt Sunday.

Messrs. Lewis and George Kirsch, of Louisville, are visiting friends and relatives around here and in Nelson county.

T. B. Flaugher and son, Emmet, spent Saturday in Springfield.

Mrs. Jennie Barlow and son, Dixie, Mr. Richard Bobbitt, wife and sons, and Mrs. Beane Redel, of Springfield, attended the funeral of their uncle, Mr. Albert Shehan, at Camp Ground.

Mrs. Jennie Barlow and little Nellie Ruby Riedel, of Springfield, and Mrs. Mary Shehan spent Thursday with Mrs. Kate Shewmaker.

Miss Margaret Bell and Dr. Williams spent Sunday with Miss Matye Andrews. Mr. Clyde Goatley and wife, of Valley Hill, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Seay.

Miss Beulah Arnold has returned home from Mackville. Miss May Bodine has returned home, after a several weeks' visit with relatives and friends at Lancaster and Harrodsburg.

Messrs. Jim Moore, Ham Shehan and Jeff Settles are still at work surveying the land of Hughes brothers, colored.

We were sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Hines Humphry, of Nelson county. The cause of his death was heart disease and other troubles. He died Friday morning and was buried at Camp Ground Sunday. We extend sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Mr. Albert Shehan died Saturday of heart trouble and dropsy, and was buried Monday at Camp Ground. He was loved by all who knew him, and was known as Uncle Abe. He leaves three sisters and four brothers to mourn his death. We extend condolence.

Mr. Earl Arnold, after a several days visit with his parents here, has returned to school at Lexington.

**Love.**  
We are dazzled and charmed by those who love deepest, but we are comforted and strengthened by those who love longest.

**Poultry Raising Pays.**

Now is the time of year to feed your fowls a good tonic. R4-11-44 cures Cholera, Roup, Gapes and Limberneck. When fed as a preventive it not only keeps them healthy but makes them lay. Give each sick fowl 3 to 5 drops three times a day. As a preventive feed it in the feed three or four times a week. Turkeys require a smaller dose. Price 50 cents. Guaranteed by Haydon & Robertson, Druggists.

His Yearning.  
"I hope," said the young orator, "that my speeches make people yearn for better things." "They do," answered the relentless critic. "They make me yearn to be at home, asleep."

## EGGS For Sale!

PEKIN DUCK EGGS, (Stock from Mrs. B. F. Jackson.) INDIAN RUNNER DUCK EGGS and WHITE EMBDEN GOOSE EGGS, (stock from Mrs. B. F. Jackson) AT

**10c Each.**

Mammoth Bronze Turkey Eggs, (Mrs. Wright Straine)

**12 1-2c Each.**

Pen is headed by a Tom from Logan county, purchased of R. J. Burr.

BUFF ORPINGTON and S. C. WHITE LEGHORN EGGS,

**\$1.00 FOR SETTING OF 15**

T. E. BALLARD, R. F. D. No. 5, Springfield, Ky.

### SPRINGFIELD SUN

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.



SUBSCRIPTION, -- ONE DOLLAR.

(In Advance.)

J. ROGERS GORE, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the postoffice at Springfield Ky., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**

One Year.....\$1.00  
Six Months......50  
Three Months.....25

In writing to have your address changed a ways give the postoffice to which your paper is going as well as the postoffice to which you wish it sent.

**WILLISBURG.**

We are having fine weather and the people are preparing for cropping and sowing tobacco beds.

Mrs. Mary Hughes was called to the bedside of her sister in Louisville, who is very ill.

E. W. Smith is visiting at this place.

Stapp Hughes has returned home, after an extended visit to his uncle, Erasmus Brown, in Shelbyville, Ky.

Miss Maggie Trent is visiting her parents at this place.

Mrs. Lizzie McMillen has returned home from Indianapolis, Ind., where she purchased her spring millinery goods.

T. J. Trent, one of our merchants at this place, is in Louisville purchasing his spring and summer goods.

Mrs. Mollie Stetler, of Hillsboro, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Ferrel, at this place.

W. T. Wells and wife attended the funeral of their aunt, Mrs. McGayha, at Fairview, last Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Phoebe Harlow has returned from Louisville, where she purchased her spring millinery goods.

Arch Burch and family attended the sale of his mother, Mrs. Jane Burch, deceased.

Fred Sutherland, of Louisville, is spending a few days with his parents at this place.

Dr. Mark Sutherland and Ed Sutherland, of Harrodsburg, are visiting their father at this place.

**DEEP CREEK.**

We have been having lovely days for the past week and many flower lovers took advantage of it and set out or planted a lot of their favorites besides many others.

Plowing and grubbing is the chief occupation among the farmers of this vicinity. They are still improving their lands into "beauty."

The many friends and acquaintances here of Dr. J. M. Burton were stricken with sorrow when they learned of his untimely death, but are glad to know he was prepared for the other world yet to come.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Elliott, Jr., have returned from their honeymoon and are now at the home of the former's parents.

The prayer meeting, under the conduct of Mr. J. H. Elliott, Sr., was well attended Tuesday night, and the subject "Grace" was well discussed. Mr. John Edwards was chosen to lead next Tuesday, his subject selected yet writer at present is at a loss to know.

Mrs. Will Arnold and son, Arthur, of near Enids, were the pleasant guests

of Mrs. Ida Elliott Saturday.

Among those present at the reception given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Elliott, Jr., at the home of the former's parents were: Mr. and Mrs. Adam Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Young and Mr. Newton Bradler, all of Boyle county. The reception was quite a nice affair.

The Rural Free Delivery carrier is getting along nicely with his new position and is giving good satisfaction to all living on his route. There are quite a number that live some distance from the route and as the days are fair they, the old folks as well as the youngsters, enjoy a good ramble or walk to their little office box.

As my letters have to go off two days sooner than usual I can't get up the news of these days so will have to wait till my next time to set them down.

The Sun, our dear paper, came one day earlier this week so we were glad to have earlier sunshine.

Mrs. W. B. Carpenter and little son, Reed, spent last Saturday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Elliott.

**Commissioner's Sale!**

Washington Circuit Court, Ky.

J. R. Harmon, etc., Plaintiffs, vs. W. O. Harmon, etc., Defendants, Equiv. By virtue of a Judgment and order of sale of the Washington Circuit Court, rendered at the October term thereof, 1907, in the above styled cause, I shall proceed to offer for sale on the premises about the hour of 1:30 o'clock, p. m., or thereabout, on

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1908,** upon a credit of one, two and three years. The land to be sold is near Mackville, and situated in Washington county, Ky., and is bounded as follows: Beginning at a stone corner to dower in John B. Lites' line, thence N. 33° E. 107 poles to a Beech tree, thence N. 23° E. 74 poles to a stone in John Turney's line on said branch, thence with Turney's line N. 57° W. 94 poles to a stone on the West side of the road, corner to the heirs, thence S. 37° E. 47½ poles to a stone, thence S. 31° E. 41.20 poles to a Walnut stump, thence S. 22° W. 26½ poles to a Beech tree, thence S. 32° W. 64 poles to a stone corner to dower, thence S. 57° W. 109 poles to the beginning, containing one hundred and twenty two (122) acres.

For the purchase price the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security or sureties, must execute bonds bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a Judgment. A lien will be retained on land for which bond is executed. Bidders will be required to comply promptly with these terms.

M. G. LEACHMAN, M. C. W. C. C.

# 72

## Head of Nice Stock Cattle

Weighing from 750 to 825, good Grade and Color, will be sold on the streets of Springfield at Public outcry on

**Saturday Afternoon,****Mch. 28****T. J. Hamilton.**



## Eggs

For Sale!

For Hatching Purposes

—AT—

**\$1 for 15**

White Plymouth Rocks

Fischel strains—The Best Breeds in the World—male birds scored by Judge Lane, from 924 to 933 points.

A. C. Kimball,  
Springfield, Ky.

## Dr. G. T. Burton

RESIDENT DENTIST.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

CROWN WORK A SPECIALTY.

All Dental Work Strictly First-class. Springfield, -- Ky.  
Office in Hagon Block, up stairs.

## Local News Notes.

The wills of Dr. J. M. Burton and Mrs. Nannie R. Walker were probated Monday in Judge Litsky's court.

Some Furniture yet on hand. Reduced prices. J. E. HARMON, Mackville, Ky.

Special price this week on a few Cook Stoves and one nice Range at CAMPBELL'S.

Rev. G. W. Lyon will preach at the Methodist church next Sunday morning and night.

Queensware at reduced prices next Saturday at J. E. Harmon's, Mackville.

Insure in the Farmers Home Insurance Company, the only company that pays its losses in full. J. N. Wells, General Mgr., Junction City, Ky.

Some Boy's and Men's Suits and a few pair Ladies' Shoes extra Cheap this week at CAMPBELL'S.

SEWING.—I will continue to take in sewing, and lady form and am able to give perfect fits. PEARL SMOTHERS, Telephone 42 ring 2. Mooresville.

Bargains at J. E. Harmon's, Mackville, next Saturday.

FOR SALE.—One Stanhope runabout and one runabout. They are nearly new, rubber tires and in perfect order. G. W. LYON.

Cut prices on all kinds of Furniture this week at CAMPBELL'S.

COURT DAY DINNER.—The ladies of the Maud Christian church will give a Court day dinner in Springfield May 25 for the benefit of the church.

## GOING TO QUIT BUSINESS



Stock at Cost



Come in and See.

...T. I. McElroy...

The sale on last Thursday of the Ben Birch estate was well attended and everything sold well. S. M. Campbell was the auctioneer.

Now is the time to use hair tonics, massage cream, face powder and rouge. See Miss Josie Lee, who sells the best. Represents Marietta Stanley Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Tinware Prices. Cut in Slices this week at CAMPBELL'S.

FOR SALE.—On March 28 I will offer at public sale my household and kitchen furniture. Also chest of carpenter's tools and some lumber. MRS. PARIS PETER, Mackville.

A large number of people attended County Court Monday, and notwithstanding the day was unusually inclement the crowd kept pretty well upon the street, where the auctioneers were kept busy throughout the day. Considerable stock changed hands.

NOTICE.—Parties having claims against J. D. Peterson, assigned, will present same to the undersigned, properly proven, and those indebted to the said Peterson will please call and pay Mrs. Peterson at Texas or the undersigned. Notes and accounts must be paid. W. D. Claybrooke, Assignee of J. D. Peterson.

Auctioneer S. M. Campbell, reports the following stock sales county court day: Jacob Kimberlin sold twelve head of short horn cattle, 2-years-old, for \$36 per head. There were several other head of cattle sold for satisfactory prices. One lot of sheep sold for \$9.20 per head.

Mr. Leon Allen has bought the stock of confections of Mr. C. L. Price and will continue the business at the same stand. Mr. Allen, in an advertisement in this issue, invites the public to see him and announces that he will conduct an up-to-date confectionary in every sense. It is to be regretted that Mr. Price will leave Springfield, having made arrangements to engage in business elsewhere.

SUCCESSOR SALE.—The combination sale conducted here last Saturday by Josie & Bishop was a success in every particular. Horses sold well and the bidding never lagged during the sale. The highest price horse sold belonged to S. M. Campbell—a four-year-old, known as the Walter Leachman horse, bringing \$172.50. During the sale forty-eight head passed under the hammer, thirty-six out of that number were sold. Auctioneer S. M. Campbell cried the sale.

NEW MILLINERY STORE.—The Evans Millinery Co. are now open and are prepared to show you all the new ideas of the Season. Our goods are selected from the best markets and all of these products of the milliner's art are offered to you at such a minimum cost that the wants of every customer can be satisfied. We would appreciate an opportunity to show our line as we feel it would do us both good.

THE EVANS MILLINERY CO.

## Administrator's Sale.

All person's having claims against the estate of G. W. Lambert, deceased, will present same to me properly proven on or before May 1, 1908, to T. Scott Mayes at his office in Springfield, Ky. COBBY CATLETT, Administrator of G. W. Lambert, Mackville, Ky., Rt. 1.

## JENSONTON.

News is very scarce this week, but will try and jot down a few items. Bro. F. M. Hill, of near Perryville, filled Bro. P. Walker's regular appointment at Wesley's Chapel last Sunday. His text was on Missionary Work. It was certainly a fine sermon, and was very much appreciated. Hope that Bro. Walker will soon be out again, as he has had a very severe attack of la grippe.

Miss Josie Key, of near Little Beach, has been the pleasant guest of Mrs. Gole Key for a few days. We are glad to say that Mrs. Bettie Elliott is very much improved. Mrs. D. A. Lawrence was the pleasant guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. B. Elliott, of this place, last Thursday. Mr. Purdon Pinkston and wife have recently gone to housekeeping. We wish them much success.

Mr. Leo Goode and wife and Mr. W. B. Elliott and wife spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Sie Lawrence, of near this place.

The prayer meeting last Thursday night was largely attended. We were glad to see so many out.

## McINTIRE.

Mrs. Joseph Johnston, of Louisville, who was called here by the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Robert Wheatley, has returned home.

Mr. Thomas Hamilton, who was a former resident of this vicinity, but who is now employed at the Bourbon stock yards in Louisville, was in Springfield Monday with a drove of cat-

tle for the market.

Several horses have been sold in and around this place this week.

Wat Wheatley bought of Mary Alvey one mare; price \$150. Mary Alvey bought of Jim Nally one aged mare for \$50. Joseph Roney bought of Joseph Kidwell one mare for \$130. Kent Blanford sold a nice young mare county court day; price unknown.

Mr. Ben Flanagan, of St. Mary, was here Sunday.

Mr. Jeff Walker visited his sister, Mrs. T. Alvey, at Loretto, one day last week.

Miss Hester Blanford visited relatives in Marion county Sunday.

Mrs. Lou Edelen and little daughter, Lizzie, are spending a few days with friends at Blincoe.

Mrs. Manny Alvey was called to Dants Station last week to see her father, Mr. Haydon, who happened to the misfortune of getting his hand mashed in a grist mill. Amputation was found necessary. Mrs. Alvey reports him doing nicely.

John and Robert Blanford were the guests of their sister, Mrs. Frank Montgomery, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Richard Blanford visited friends near Lebanon Sunday.

Mr. Lee Osbourn, of Louisville, is here on business.

Mr. Peter Graves still remains very low, but his friends hope he will soon recover.

Several from this place attended county court at Springfield Monday.

## Notice.

Parties who are yet holding their 1907 crop of tobacco are hereby notified that the Washington County Warehouse Co. is now ready to receive and would be glad if parties would bring tobacco in at once. C. W. STALLINGS.

## THE BURNING QUESTION.



Benham—I saw you and Mollie Williams talking for all you were worth on the street this afternoon. What was the burning issue?  
Mrs. Benham.—We were talking about an old flame of mine.—Chicago News.

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year

## Eggs For Sale.

I have PURE WHITE WYANDOTTE EGGS FOR SALE AT

**\$1.00 for 15.**

W. R. SELECMAN,  
Springfield, Ky.

## Highland Nobles.

J. C. Janes, State Superintendent for the

HIGHLAND NOBLES, AN INSURANCE ORDER, OF WATERLOO, IOWA.

Has been here for a week arranging to organize here. He has succeeded in securing Miss Ella Shaunty as their representative in Washington county, which assures success for it. Any one wishing to buy first-class insurance at reasonable rates will do well to see her at once as the cost to join will be about one-third the regular price until the charter closes.

## Change of Firm.

Having purchased the stock of Confections of Mr. C. L. Price, I desire to announce to the public that the business will be continued at the same stand. Your patronage is solicited, and you are assured that it will be appreciated. I will carry a complete and fresh line of Confections, and will quote reasonable prices.

**Nothing but The Best Will be Found in My Stock**

All of the high-grade Candies and the best Fruits constantly on hand. All kinds of Soft Drinks. A handsome and up-to-date Soda Fountain will be installed. My Ice Cream Parlor will be open in a short time, and I take this method of extending an invitation to the Ladies of Springfield to call.

Respectfully,  
**...LEON ALLEN...**

## Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Miss Downs, of Bloomfield, spent Saturday with Miss Elise Durrett.

—Miss Mary Sweeney, of Louisville, is the guest of her sister, Miss Ella Sweeney, at the Grundy Orphanage.

—Mr. and Mrs. Newell McClasky, of Bloomfield, spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Viola Brown.

—Mr. Thornwell Myer, of Danville, spent Sunday with Mr. Hugh Noe.

—Mr. H. M. Grundy and Miss Mary Lee Simms returned Saturday from a business trip to Cincinnati.

—Miss Carrie Edelen was called to Louisville by the illness of her brother, Mr. Tom Edelen.

—Mr. J. J. McCabe has returned from Louisville.

—Miss Althair Medley is the guest of Mrs. Phil Whalen, of Bardstown.

—Miss Willie Knott has returned from Louisville and Cincinnati, where she purchased her spring millinery.

—Mr. G. C. Wharton was in Lebanon Sunday.

—Mrs. R. C. Craycroft and children have returned to their home at Youngstown, Ohio, after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. John T. Craycroft.

—Mr. R. H. Edelen, Jr., of Bardstown, is visiting friends and relatives here.

—Miss Bertha Haydon has returned from a several weeks' visit to friends and relatives in Bardstown and Louisville.

—Mrs. Fred Manget has returned to her home in Louisville, after a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Lewis.

—Miss Edna McLaughlin is visiting friends at Winchester.

—Misses Susie Penn and Ethel Searey are in Lebanon to-day to see Mr. H. M. Moss.

—Mrs. Margaret Bettis entertained at "500" Tuesday afternoon.

—Mr. J. W. Thompson is seriously ill at his home at Pleasant Grove.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Robertson have returned from a business trip to Cincinnati.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Campbell spent Friday and Saturday in Danville.

—Mr. Herman Schmek, of Louisville, is visiting his family at this place.

—Dr. Spalding Green, Messrs. Roy Montgomery and Dave Shuck, of Lebanon, were here Tuesday.

—Mrs. Jodie Spalding has returned from a visit to friends and relatives in Bardstown.

—Mr. John Wycoff, of Mackville, was here Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ley Brown and little son were in Lebanon Tuesday.

—Dr. J. B. Robards, of Harrodsburg, spent several days here last week.

—Mr. B. D. Lake is in Louisville to-day on business.

—Miss Ida M. Young will visit her sister, Mrs. Moore, in Lebanon, the first of next week.

—Mr. Arthur Campbell, who has been quite ill at his home in Indianapolis, is reported to be much better.

—Misses Nell Greene and Mayme Knott returned last night from Nazareth, where they spent several days.

—Mr. Robert Mayes is at home from State College, at Lexington, to spend a few days.

—Miss Mary Gleason is the guest of friends and relatives in Louisville.

—Mrs. L. D. Baker is visiting her sister in Louisville.

—Mr. Leo Haydon is in Louisville on business.

—Misses Mabel Thompson and Fannie McElroy, Messrs. Wathen Simms and Shaker Robertson were in Lebanon Sunday.

—Mr. C. L. Price is in Louisville on business.

—Dr. John Spaulding and Mr. L. O. McCarty were in Lebanon Sunday.

—Miss Fannie Smith returned to her home in Bloomfield to-day, after a visit to Miss Eddie Shader.

—Miss Della Smith has returned to Louisville, after a visit to her parents at this place.

—Miss Louise Edelen has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. J. H. Hayes, of Louisville.

—Mr. Henry Wells and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Curry have rented the residence from Mrs. Ragdale, near the College, and will move into it this week.

—Mrs. J. L. Offutt has returned to her home at Bloomfield, after a visit to relatives here.

—County Clerk W. F. Booker has about recovered from a severe attack of grip.

—Mr. E. C. Cox has recovered from an attack of grip.

—Mr. and Mrs. Richard Boblitt have returned from Bardstown, where they were called by the serious illness of Mr. Boblitt's brother, Mr. Ed Boblitt.

—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Leachman, who have been in Louisville for the past six months, have returned, and are occupying the McElroy house on East Main street.

—Little Miss Helen Medley, who has been spending some time with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Medley, has returned to her home in Owensboro.

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year

## WILLISBURG.

Mr. J. M. Trent is in Cincinnati this week buying his spring goods.

Mr. Ed Sutherland and friend, of Harrodsburg, visited his father, Dr. John Sutherland, at this place, Sunday.

We are glad to report Mr. W. S. Poulter and Mr. Billie Sutton, who have been very ill with pneumonia, better at this writing.

Miss Margaret Trent, of Nashville, Tenn., is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Trent, at this place, for a few weeks.

The "Royal Neighbors" gave a musical entertainment on last Thursday evening after which refreshments were served. All present report an enjoyable time. We hope to have all "Neighbors" present on next Thursday evening, April 2, as the interest of the Society requires their presence.

Mr. Fred Sutherland, of Louisville, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Sutherland, of this place.

Mrs. Lizzie McMillin is in Indianapolis this week purchasing her spring millinery, and Mrs. Phoebe Harlow is in Louisville.

Mrs. J. M. Trent is visiting her parents in Louisville this week.

Mrs. Mary Hughes was called to the bedside of her sister, Mrs. Bailey, of Louisville, who is very ill, on last Tuesday morning.

Mr. Everett Keeling and wife attended church at Tatham Springs Sunday.

Several from here attended county court at Springfield Monday.

Mr. E. W. Smith is spending this week at the Wells Hotel.

## Daily Arrivals of

## Spring Millinery!

My Spring Millinery is being received each day, and I now have on display the handsomest line ever seen in Springfield. Come in and select your

## Spring Hat Now.

Remember I am prepared to do trimming. Materials of all kinds

Mrs. Bessie Riedel and Miss Abce McElroy will be with Miss Knott this season and invite their friends to call to see them.

**Miss Willie Knott.**

## Elegant New Bracelets



A pleasing variety of the newest production in Bracelets. The value values we offer are usually for such High-grade Bracelets.

**Gold Filled, \$1 to \$6.50  
Solid Gold, \$8 to \$12**

Your Attire is Not Complete Without a BRACELET.

LADIES' CHAINS, WATCHES, ETC., representing the highest skill in Workmanship and the latest designs, are other attractions in my stock of Jewelry.

**James J. Graves,** Watchmaker and Jeweler,  
Springfield, Kentucky.



# JIMMY MURPHY V. C.

By RALPH PERKINS

(Copyright)

He was on "sentry go" under the Nubian sun, which is like a brand of fire; and he stood in the desert sands, which may be likened to the parchment of a cat's paw. But he did not murmur, because he was used to it. A man can get used to anything after a time, even to the interior of a fiery furnace. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego are cases in point. Besides, Jimmy Murphy was not one to grumble; it never occurred to him to find fault with his lot in life.

Jimmy's appearance was an index to his mind. Nobody looking upon his inexpressive countenance would have credited him with imaginative powers beyond those of an intelligent mule. He had vacant blue eyes and a receding forehead, and his features generally proclaimed him what he was—a fool.

But not the only fool in the regiment. There was one other, his twin brother Tony. They were ideal twins, these two, like peas in a pod; nobody could tell one from the other. But this is not saying much, since there was always a doubt whether the twins themselves knew which was which, such was their foolishness.

Jimmy and Tony were in the same company—No. 4 Company, Seventh Royal Irish Fusiliers. The regiment was somewhere in the sentry's rear, forming one of the supports. Jimmy was about 300 paces ahead of the platoon, and his comrade being out of sight behind a sandhill, he was quite alone.

Now, when you are in the solitary position of sentry at two in the afternoon in the desert, not more than 17 degrees north of the equator, you are apt to become sleepy. Jimmy got very sleepy, indeed, but he knew his duty—it was about all he did know—and strove to keep awake.

Everything was very quiet; the heat intense. Now and again the sentry made an effort to keep awake. It was always a slight effort, therefore ineffectual, and at length Jimmy dreamed a dream.

It was a vision within a vision, and it had to do with the mirage. It had been there all the afternoon, a phantom city in golden and purple tints stretching across the desert. It had streets of vast length, squares of great breadth, many mosques with countless minarets, and terraces piled on terraces; and it was still as a city of the dead. But now, in Jimmy's dream, the streets and squares grew full of human beings; the terraces were thronged; the whole place was alive with men.

"It's mighty queer," thought Jimmy, sleepily. With a start and a wild stare around, he was awake and conscious of facing a rush of men—a charge of the rebel troops. They were close upon him; he had no time to think. Up went his rifle, out rang the report. Next moment the enemy were within touch of his bayonet, and there were flashing around his head. Then came a volley close behind him, and men in khaki rose on either side trusting in the striking at the surging foe. The platoon, unlike Jimmy and fortunately for him, had not been caught napping.

Half blinded by the smoke, half choked by the sand cloud raised by many feet, bewildered by the suddenness of the attack, yet unconsciously obeying the first law of nature, Jimmy laid about him vigorously. Thanks to his want of watchfulness he was in the very vortex of the conflict.

Thus passed the minutes. Presently a horseman dashed into the fight, shouting an order as he came. There was an answering charge from the khaki jackets, and Jimmy, almost carried off his feet, was hurled on to the enemy. They broke and fled.

"Faith! but I've had enough of that," he panted when the lull came. But a ringing cheer from those around him here caused him to look up. The enemy were rapidly vanishing behind a ridge, and close to him stood Tony supporting a dismounted officer.

"Bear a hand, Jimmy," said his brother, and between them they carried the wounded man into the ranks, whilst cries of "Wall done! Bravo, the Seventh!" burst from a hundred hoarse throats.

"What's your name?" demanded a sharp-featured little man, elbowing his way into the group now surrounding Jimmy, and helping him to lift his human burden into an ambulance. Tony had stepped back a few paces.

"What's your name, man?" "Murphy, your honor," replied Jimmy, saluting.

"Murphy what?" again asked the other, note-book in hand. "Jimmy, your honor."

"Well, Jimmy Murphy," was the rejoinder, "you're a fine lad, and your regiment ought to be proud of you." There was another cheer at this, and Jimmy wondered at it. "As gallant a thing as I've seen yet," continued Jimmy's questioner, turning to an officer who had just come up.

"I saw the whole affair from the rise yonder, and the way this lad tackled the three fellows surrounding poor Conyers was simply splendid. Sent two of 'em to glory, and coolly walked off carrying him right through the fire of a score of black devils! A right down gallant thing, and deserves the V. C. by gad!"

The little man, a famous war correspondent, and himself the bravest of the brave, having delivered himself thus enthusiastically, hurried away to send an account of the affair to his paper.

When Jimmy, later on, had been relieved and was back in camp, he found himself the cynosure of all eyes. He was patted on the back, the men of the Seventh shook hands with him, he was made much of, and he wondered exceedingly.

As soon as he was able he sought Tony.

"What's it all name?" he inquired. "Sure, I don't know," said Tony, vacantly.

"It's mighty queer."

"Faith, an' it's that."

The sergeant said that the colonel had told him so.

"Ye don't nothin', Jimmy?"

"At all, at all."

"Maybe they'll give ye pack drill."

"Maybe, it wouldn't be the first time."

"Maybe they'll shoot ye."

"Ochone!" And Jimmy made the Cross.

A little later he was at "attention" before the officers and men of the Seventh, absently listening to a long harangue from the colonel, in which, had he but understood it, he was praised for his pluck and determination in saving the life of his superior officer at the risk of his own. But, amidst the redoubled cheers of the whole regiment, all Jimmy pondered was the question whether he'd be shot or let off with pack-drill.

At the end of several days he vaguely felt that he had done something creditable, though what that something was, and how it had happened, he could not explain to himself.

Once, when he found himself alone with Tony, he again reverted to the question that troubled him; but Tony seemed as doubtful as ever.

"Maybe, it's because ye saw the infantry first," was all he hazarded; and this Jimmy did not accept, for the explanation of the honor done him.

In time the Seventh were ordered home, and a day came when Jimmy was taken into a beautiful place where, before more generals and grand persons than he could count, an elderly lady in a black dress pinned a little bronze cross on his left breast; and Jimmy thought this mighty queer indeed.

Four years have gone by. The Seventh Royal Irish Fusiliers are, once again, in Africa. The lines of the Sudan, where there is no peace, are enough to do to defend the peninsula and its inhabitants from the forces of Osman Digna, extend in a huge semicircle west of the town.

From M. Clingens on the south, to the sea on the northeast where the desert begins and ends, the sandhills are all occupied by the small army of defense. Everywhere battles are frequent by day and by night; the dervishes are already to descend on the outposts whenever the search lights from the warships in Bother's bay are not playing in their direction.

Now and against a reconnaissance in force, ending in a conflict of more than usual importance, will drive the enemy into the desert; but he never seems to get his quietus, and very soon comes up smiling for another round.

Jimmy Murphy, V. C., has seen some extremely active service in these encounters, and on all occasions shown himself to be worthy of his distinction. True, he has not exhibited a further specimen of unusual gallantry; but few men have the opportunity to earn more than one Victoria Cross.

Tony, too, has always done his duty, and his duty's all that is expected of him. The regiment do not look for more than that in his case. He is not expected to shine with the effulgence of his brother Jimmy.

There is little change in the twins. They still remain the biggest fool in the regiment, or in the whole service for that matter, and they have never been promoted. Yet a distinction has, tacitly, been drawn between them. Jimmy is no longer the butt of the regimental wit. It is allowed that a V. C., although in the ranks, is not necessarily of the ranks. When on parade, his comrades are glad to think they are, so to speak, with the angels; when they meet him in the canteen they are glad to see that the angels are with them. A V. C. is a scarce commodity, and to be made much of.

Widely separated as the brothers are in the estimation of their world, they are never more than a few paces in their relations to one another. Jimmy exhibits the same stolid partiality for Tony that Tony has always observed towards him. Their affection is nothing more than that, and it satisfies them both.

It was a busy day. A movement on a large scale had been in progress from an early hour. The enemy had made a determined attack in force, and accounted for a longer list of killed and wounded than the garrison had reckoned with or indeed cared about. It was five o'clock in the afternoon. The Arabs were beaten back and out of sight. Companies, small groups of men, and here and there, individuals wearily plodding through the sand, were making for camp. The bugles were sounding the "Assembly." Mounted scouts and orderlies were galloping eastward; ambulance parties were bearing their quiet burdens away to the hospital; staff officers were busy in their quarters preparing reports for the war office, saying as little of casualties and as much of glory as was becoming. For a brief period peace reigned in the desert. Out beyond, where the battle had raged fiercest, a search party still lingered, looking for any unfortunate who might have escaped notice.

With them was Tony. The party were beating towards the town, and Tony was on one of the flanks of the extended line. He was not searching with any great degree of activity, and lagged somewhat behind the rest. His weak blue eyes had a far-away look, as though some troubling problem was engaging his thoughts. He was very hungry and the question of dinner was agitating him. Therefore, it was not until he was right over a body lying in a depression that he became aware of it. Tony stopped suddenly. The prostrate man's back was all he could see.

"Sure, an' it's wan av the sivlith," he muttered, recognizing the uniform. "Is that you, Tony?" asked the wounded man.

Tony knew the voice. He bent over and looked into Jimmy's face. It was the livid face of a dying man, and for the first time in their lives it was possible to distinguish between the twins.

"Are ye bad?" asked Tony. "Ay," said Jimmy, weakly. "Have ye any wather?"

Tony, to his credit, had the bottle to his brother's lips almost before the question was asked. Jimmy got some of the contents, the thirsty sand had more; but Jimmy looked better for his share.

"Where are ye hurt?" asked Tony. "In me leg."

Tony looked, and saw, under the skirt of the tunic, the great gash made by a dervish spear-head, which is as broad as a man's hand and as keen as a razor.

"There's somethin' in me shoulter," added Jimmy.

"Wait till I call the search party," said Tony, rising.

"Lave me alone, I'm beyant the doctor," was the reply. "Tony, I want to speak t'ye. Come here till I see ye."

Tony came back to his brother's side.

"Dye rimlimer the fight we had wid the nagurs when we was here before?" he began.

"I do."

"Whin the colonel shpoke to me before the whole rig'mint, an' whin I had drinks wid the sergeants?"

"I rimlimer," said Tony. "It was whiskey ye had that toime."

"It was. Dye rimlimer whin the queen of England give me the medal I got here?" he pointed to the cross on his breast, and seeing Tony's nod, continued, "Maybe ye don't know why she give it to me?"

"Bekase ye was the first to see the infmy, wasn't it?"

"No. She give it me by mistake."

He paused for a little while; he seemed to be growing faint; his eyes were closed. "Where's the drink?" he asked presently.

After he had wetted his parched throat with the lukewarm water, he went on. "She never mint it for me at all, at all."

"Who did she mane it for?"

"Yoursell."

"Who told ye?"

"I told meself. Tony, it was you that saved the captain's life."

Tony stared and looked uneasy.

"I bin lyin' here wounded nearly all the black day," continued Jimmy, "an' divil a sow! have I seen 'till ye come up. I thrank all me wather, but it did me no good, an' me head began to go round and round, and a lot o'

strange things come into it. First I drint o' the cold cabin at home, an' the pigs an' Father Kelly; an' then I drint o' the fight we had in the desert whin the captain was wounded. It's mighty queer, but somehow all that happened come back to me as clear as the blessed daylight. I see him one little way off all by himself fightin' wid three av the infmy, bad scran to him, an' I see you, Tony, run up and knock two-av him over wid the butt-end av your musket, an' begin carryin' the captain back to the ranks. I hilped ye bring him in, an' so whin I got fornat ye they didn't know you from me; they thought it was me that saved his life, an' I got the cross instid av you. Take it off me an' put it on your own coat."

Tony did as he was told.

"Ha' ye got it? I can't see," said Jimmy.

"It's here. What'll I do wid it?"

"Kape ut—in gimblance av me, Tony. I'm goin' for to lave ye soon, an' widout a waker."

"Ochone!" whined Tony.

"Make the sign av the Cross over me, Tony; I can't do it meself. Now I'm happy. Tony, wud ye sing me the song about Maloney?"

"That I wud, Jimmy, darlin'!" was the reply, and Tony began the weird melody of the old "mad dog game" on rural visitors to the Nebraska state fair.

He stopped as he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. It was the search party.

What they found was Jimmy—they knew him by his Victoria Cross—knocking in the sand in front of his dead brother. And that night the Seventh heard that Tony Murphy had been killed in action, and that Jimmy had found him.

Jimmy still wears his V. C., but strange to say that ever since his brother's death he will have it that his name is Tony, and that Jimmy was "kilt intirely" outside Saukin.

But say the Seventh, Jimmy Murphy always was the biggest fool in the regiment—except Tony!

Jimmy still wears his V. C., but strange to say that ever since his brother's death he will have it that his name is Tony, and that Jimmy was "kilt intirely" outside Saukin.

But say the Seventh, Jimmy Murphy always was the biggest fool in the regiment—except Tony!

Jimmy still wears his V. C., but strange to say that ever since his brother's death he will have it that his name is Tony, and that Jimmy was "kilt intirely" outside Saukin.

But say the Seventh, Jimmy Murphy always was the biggest fool in the regiment—except Tony!

Jimmy still wears his V. C., but strange to say that ever since his brother's death he will have it that his name is Tony, and that Jimmy was "kilt intirely" outside Saukin.

But say the Seventh, Jimmy Murphy always was the biggest fool in the regiment—except Tony!

Jimmy still wears his V. C., but strange to say that ever since his brother's death he will have it that his name is Tony, and that Jimmy was "kilt intirely" outside Saukin.

But say the Seventh, Jimmy Murphy always was the biggest fool in the regiment—except Tony!

Jimmy still wears his V. C., but strange to say that ever since his brother's death he will have it that his name is Tony, and that Jimmy was "kilt intirely" outside Saukin.

But say the Seventh, Jimmy Murphy always was the biggest fool in the regiment—except Tony!

Jimmy still wears his V. C., but strange to say that ever since his brother's death he will have it that his name is Tony, and that Jimmy was "kilt intirely" outside Saukin.

## "Watch This Space Next Week"

Advertisements discredit the business sagacity of the man who signs his name to them. We have been in the newspaper business over seventeen years, but can not remember ever having carried an advertisement like the above in our columns. It is too much like holding up the merchant. Of course, if a man buys a space and insists that "Watch This Space Next Week" be used, we will—reluctantly—carry out his order, but we will do so knowing that he is not getting value received. If he should insist that this be done often we would refuse to sell him space, because advertising space used in such a reckless manner makes it appear that the medium of advertising is not a good one, and that the man who is doing the advertising is "just trying to use up the space he has bought."

## The Sun is a Valuable Advertising Medium

Because it goes into the homes of people in Washington County who have money to spend. As a "convincer" that the above statement is true

## Try an Ad. For Four Weeks.

FOR THAT PERIOD WE WILL GIVE YOU THE BENEFIT OF OUR YEARLY RATE. BUT YOU MUST AGREE TO

## .. "SAY SOMETHING" ..

In the ad. that "means something"—something that will attract the attention of the reader, and convince him that you are in earnest and that you can really give him a bargain.

## FREES SWEETHEART

NEBRASKA MAN OWES PARDON TO FAITHFUL WOMAN.

Her Unceasing Efforts to Have Lover Released from Prison Are Finally Successful—Couple Go from Cell to Altar.

Lincoln, Neb.—"I can take him and make a man of him, governor" declared Inga Andersen. And Gov. Sheldon, looking at the strong young Swede girl's determined face, suddenly decided that she probably could. So after six weeks of consideration he signed a commutation and Inga Andersen and John Martin were married on St. Valentine's night at Beatrice, Neb.

It was the week before Christmas that Inga Andersen, fortified by the gold she had wrung from the hard Alaskan soil, reached Lincoln and began her battle for her sweetheart's freedom. Her sweetheart was John Martin and he was serving the third year of a five-year penitentiary sentence for working the old "mad dog game" on rural visitors to the Nebraska state fair.

Some little time before this escapade Martin had lost his job on the railroad and was trying to get together enough money to take him to Idaho, where Inga, to whom he was engaged, was working as a cook for a mining camp.

Not long after Martin's sentence Inga, whose fame as a cook had spread, was offered a position as cook for a mining party going at once to Alaska. The excellent wages attracted her and she decided to go. Her party located about 100 miles from Dawson City, and each man staked out a claim for himself. One by one they "struck it rich." Suddenly Inga decided that she, too, would have a claim, and staked out one not far from the camp. She took to rising before dawn, to perform miracles of cooking. Between meals she worked at placer mining. Presently she also "struck it rich." She worked diligently until she had accumulated a sack of gold dust "as big as a Paris hat." Then, to the dismay of the camp, to whom the loss of their paragon cook was a real tragedy, she announced her intention of returning to Nebraska "to free John." She arranged for the working of her claim on shares and took the next boat for Seattle.

She went straight to Gov. Sheldon's office from the railway station when she reached Lincoln. Decided annoyance was expressed by her at the delay of two weeks, which she thought was necessary owing to the law which now makes it obligatory to advertise a pardon hearing for that length of time. However, she lost no time in advertising it. No lawyers were engaged by Miss Andersen.

"I will plead my own case," she said. "I know more about the case than any lawyer, and I have the outcome of it at heart." She was found was necessary owing to the law which now makes it obligatory to advertise a pardon hearing for that length of time. However, she lost no time in advertising it. No lawyers were engaged by Miss Andersen.

And plead it she did, both in and out of season. One day Gov. Sheldon was sitting quietly in his inner office meditating on weighty matters when he was amazed to have the doorburst violently open and to see Inga swooping down upon him. She flung herself on her knees at his feet and with the tears raining down her face besought the chief executive to give her back her sweetheart. As soon as the governor could disengage his knees, he called Miss Kany, his stenographer, to the aid of the weeping woman, but he was soon taking long steps toward

the executive mansion, where he was quite positive there was something he had forgotten.

At last, however, he decided to sign the commutation, and it was a happy young woman who gayly set out in an open carriage for the penitentiary on the morning of St. Valentine's day. She had arrayed herself in her wedding gown, a lacy, filmy affair from New York; a light wrap and long kid gloves. She did the driving herself. The morning was crisp, clear and cold. Miss Andersen, used to the rigors of an Alaskan winter, had forgotten that Nebraska weather in the winter time is occasionally colder than it looks. By the time she reached the penitentiary she was nearly frozen and was so stiff that she had to be assisted out of the carriage and into the building. For the drive back into town, she bought a man's overcoat from one of the guards and put it on over her finery.

The two drove back to Lincoln just in time to take the Burlington train for Beatrice. They were married there that night.

## Weds to Set Example.

Vineyard, N. J.—William Dawson, one of Vineyard's pioneers, and who is "82 years young," surprised the town with the announcement of his wedding. The bride is Mrs. Mary Curley. The wedding was a home affair, the ceremony being performed by Borough Recorder Browne. The venerable bridegroom does not believe in good for man to be alone and married to "set the young men a good example."

## Nine Children at Four Births.

London.—Mrs. Howell, Bridgenorth road, Wolverhampton, has given birth to triplets, two boys and a girl, and all are doing well. Application is to be made for the king's bounty.

Mrs. Howell has given birth to twins on three occasions. She has, therefore, had nine children at four births.

## TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS OF SKY.

New Exact Position of Heavenly Bodies Are Fixed.

Star gazing is a trifle in modern astronomers' tasks. Their real job is to fix the exact positions of the heavenly bodies. The object glasses of transit telescopes are crossed by fine lines made from the spider's web. Every time the star under observation crosses one of the lines the astronomer touches a button, which causes the time to be recorded by a chronograph. Nearly all observers press the key earlier for bright stars than for faint stars, so the work is now done automatically. Besides the transit telescopes across whose field of vision the stars march in procession, there are equatorial telescopes for taking photographs of the heavens. Moved by clock work, an instrument of this kind turns exactly round the circle in 24 hours, so if directed toward a particular star it follows it from rise to setting, and a photographic plate fixed in the telescope would take a picture of a particular part of the sky. By this means a great international work is being done. Sixteen observatories in different parts of the world have divided among themselves the labor of photographing the whole sky in both the northern and southern hemispheres and afterwards cataloguing the stars. When the work is complete it will show the positions and magnitudes of at least five or six millions of stars, for all down to the eleventh magnitude are being recorded. The photograph reveals much more than can be seen by the human eye.

## NOTICED THE LABEL?



## Our Sympathy

is always extended to those in distress, but we have no sympathy to waste on the man who borrows his neighbor's paper when he can have one of his own at a mere nominal expense. Your home paper stands for your interests and the interests of your home town. It deserves your moral and financial support. If you are not a member of our family of readers you should begin now by sending in your subscription.



## FIGHTS FLOCK OF STARVING GULLS

MAN HAS DESPERATE BATTLE WITH RAVENOUS BIRDS IN ELLIOTT BAY, WASH.

### FRENZIED BY SIGHT OF FOOD

Large Flock Attacks Food Launch Brings to Ship and They Are Only Driven Off by Scalding Steam.

Seattle, Wash.—Driven to desperation by hunger and frenzied at the sight of food, a large flock of sea gulls, usually the most peaceful and cowardly of birds, attacked the launch Puget in Elliott Bay the other afternoon, and for a time threatened to defeat the owner in his frantic attempts to beat them back and save his deck load of supplies. Based on every side with tearing, swooping gulls, the master of the launch, Capt. Roy Lillico, fought desperately until almost exhausted, and would have suffered no little damage to person and craft had he not by inspiration made use of a unique contrivance to beat back and drive away the starving birds.

The severe storms of the last few weeks have driven the gulls to shelter in the harbor, and not in ten years before have there been such flocks of them swarming over the bay as at the present time. There has in consequence been a shortage of food for the birds and they have resorted to many devices to get enough to keep alive. There were hundreds of them in the stream when Lillico took his launch from the foot of Madison street and started for the French bark Desaix.

The forward deck of the launch was covered with parcels containing oranges, grapes and other fruits. The Desaix had almost been reached when the captain noticed a large swarm of gulls hovering about the launch and following it in its course. Suddenly one of them swooped down, and, making a dive at one of the parcels on the deck, tore open the paper cover. An orange rolled out and the famished birds clutched at it and attempted to carry it away. In an instant he was the center of a horde of other gulls, fighting to possess the orange. Their shrill cries of excitement and rage summoned other flocks of birds and



There Was a Wild Scream of Pain and Fright.

In a little time the launch was beset on every side by gulls.

Alone in the launch, Lillico was at a loss as to the best course to pursue. He stopped the engine and stepped out on the deck, where the birds were tearing open the parcels and dismantling the fruit as they fought with each other for possession. Heedless of the man's attempts to drive them away, they continued to battle among themselves until Lillico began to belabor them with a pike. Then they turned upon him and vented their rage in efforts to tear his face clothes and hands. Almost blinded by the cloud of flapping wings, snapping beaks and tearing claws, Lillico fought frantically, at first to save his cargo, and then to save himself. Perceiving that he could make no headway with his pike blows and realizing that his eyes and clothing were liable to be torn from him if he continued on deck, the captain beat a hasty retreat inside the launch, and there he found the idea which saved the day. He took a hose, attached it to a steam tap, and, turning it on full head, shot the scalding steam and water into the midst of the fighting flock.

There was a wild scream of pain and fright from the gulls, and many of them, sightless fell into the water. The others made a plucky attempt to withstand the burning vapor, but were finally obliged to give up and beat a retreat. Once driven away, they did not return to the attack and the launch was not further molested as it proceeded on its way to the French bark.

#### On the Jump.

"Hello, Cassidy!" cried Casey, "an' how's things with you?" "Busy," replied Cassidy, "very busy, indeed."

"Is it so?"

"Aye! Shure, it's time I'm at lay sure I have something to do."

## TEMPERANCE LESSON

Sunday School Lesson for March 29, 1908  
Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Proverbs 23:29-35.  
Memory verse, 31.  
GOLDEN TEXT.—"At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."  
Prov. 23:32.  
SCRIPTURE arranged by Prof. J. Wallace Brown of Missouri, for a responsive reading exercise.

### THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

#### A Dirge of Drink.

##### An Enigma of the Ages.

Who hath woe?  
Who hath sorrow?  
Who hath contentions?  
Who hath complaining?  
Who hath wounds without cause?  
Who hath redness of eyes?

#### II.

The Curt Answer of Wisdom.  
They that tarry long at the wine;  
They that go to seek out mixed wine.

#### III.

A Strict Moral Pointed.  
Look not thou upon the wine  
When it is red,  
When it sparkleth in the cup,  
When it goeth down smoothly.

#### IV.

The Bitter End.  
At last it biteth like a serpent,  
And stingeth like an adder.  
Thine eyes shall behold strange things,  
And thy heart shall utter perverse things.  
Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down  
in the midst of the sea,  
Or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast.

#### V.

The Drunkard's Last Waking Soliloquy.  
They have stricken me,  
And I was not hurt;  
They have beaten me,  
And I felt it not;  
When shall I awake?  
I will seek it yet again.

#### An Enigma of the Ages.

V. 29. Here we have a series of questions which are used most effectively to emphasize the evils of strong drink.

"Who hath woe?" Woes of body and woes of mind; woes present and woes to come; woes in one's self, woes in one's family; pains, diseases, poverty.

"Who hath contentions?" Quarrels, fightings, inflamed passions ready to give and take offense. And also fightings within, conflicts between desire and conscience, between appetite and all hopes for this life and the life to come.

"Who hath babbling?" Foolish talking, vile conversation, noisy demonstrations, revelation of secrets. His tongue is "set on fire of hell." The R. V. translates: "Who hath complaining?" and cause for complaining. The drinker complains of fate, of God, of circumstances, of friends, of everything and everybody, except himself the real cause of all his complaints.

"Who hath wounds without cause?" Needless, from unprovoked disputes and brawls, from accidents caused by the effects of drinking.

"Who hath redness of eyes?" Dimming his vision, red with weeping, making "his eyes blush for the sins of his mouth."

#### The Curt Answer of Wisdom.

V. 30. "They that tarry long at the wine." The tendency of strong drink is to continue drinking, to spend hours, often the whole night, in carousals. "They that go to seek mixed wine," spiced, drugged, medicated, thus increasing its intoxicating power.

Almost all sins against the flesh, gluttony, lust, debaucheries of every kind, are connected with, inflamed by, made more deadly and incurable by intoxicating liquors.

#### A Strict Moral Pointed.

V. 31. "Look not thou upon the wine." Do not put yourself in the way of temptation. He who goes freely into temptation is already more than half fallen. "When it is red," Red wines, of a rich golden-red color, were much esteemed. "Giveth his color in the cup, sparkling with brilliant appearance, insinuating its more exquisite quality and strength; so that it moveth itself aright," R. V. "goeth down smoothly." In a delightful, pellucid stream, making an act of drinking a delicious pleasure.

#### The Bitter End.

V. 22. "At the last it biteth like a serpent." Like a serpent it will be brilliant of color, and guide with easy motion; and like a serpent it will strike its fangs into its victim, sending its deadly poison into his blood. "And stingeth like an adder," a most venomous genus of serpents. The horned Cerastes adder lurks in the sand, perhaps coiled up in a camel's footprint, ready to dart at any passerby.

There is no better emblem of the results of intemperance than the serpent. Often beautiful in appearance, and secret in its approach, while the effects are pains that only fire can burn from, it infects the whole system. It inflames every evil passion. If permitted to go on, it is death. The world is full to-day of the sorrows, the burning remorse, the agonies of the body and of the spirit, which come from fiery serpents of intemperance.

Drunkard's Last Waking Soliloquy.  
V. 35.—They have stricken me, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not. This is the feeble, contemptuous answer to the admonitions of those who warn him of his danger. "When shall I awake?" Omit the interrogation, and read "when I shall awake, I will seek it yet again." His first desire will be for more strong drink. This is a true picture. One of the greatest punishments of drunkenness is this insatiable appetite, that, in spite of all warnings and consequences the drunkard returns again to his cups.

Dr. W. F. Trusty,  
Practical  
**Dentist,**  
SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY.

Dental work at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed.  
Office over Hayden & Barber.

**B. D. LAKE,**  
Insurance Agent,  
SPRINGFIELD, - - KENTUCKY.  
Life, Fire and Accident.

Old Massachusetts Mutual, always reliable and the best dividend-paying company in the world. Your insurance solicited.

DR. M. W. HYATT.  
DR. JNO. M. SPAULDING.

OFFICE OVER  
THE RED CROSS DRUG STORE  
SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY

OFFICE HOURS:  
DR. HYATT 10:30 to 12 m.  
4 to 5 p. m.  
DR. SPAULDING—2 to 4 p. m.  
And in office all Night.

Dr. J. C. Mudd  
SPRINGFIELD, - - KENTUCKY.

OFFICE OVER C. J. HAYDON'S DRUG STORE  
Office Hours: 8 to 9 A. M. 1 to 2 P. M.

**Dr. W. W. Ray**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office over Hayden & Robertson's  
Drug Store.  
Office phone, 115, Residence phone 172

J. H. LAMPTON, M. D.  
SPRINGFIELD, KY.  
Office in Opera House.  
Office phone No. 5. Residence, No. 38

MISS ELLA ADAMS,  
NURSE  
TELEPHONES:  
Day, 49. Night, 109.

T. SCOTT MAYES,  
ATTY-AT-LAW,  
Springfield, Ky.  
Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties, in the Court of Appeals and Federal Courts.

C. C. MCHORD,  
ATTY-AT-LAW,  
Springfield, Ky.  
Will practice in all State and Federal Courts

W. D. CLAYBROOKE,  
ATTY-AT-LAW,  
Springfield, Ky.  
Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in the courts of Appeals.

W. E. SELECMAN,  
ATTY-AT-LAW,  
Springfield, Ky.  
Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in court of Appeals.

MARSHALL DUNCAN,  
—LAWYER—  
Springfield, - - Ky.  
Office in Robertson Building.  
Will practice in the Courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

S. M. CAMPBELL,  
AUCTIONEER  
Springfield, Ky.  
Crying of public sales a specialty.  
"Will go anywhere." Terms reasonable.  
Phone 84.

W. E. GREENE  
Agent Danville Dry Cleaning Co.  
WALTON HOTEL, Springfield, Ky.  
Ladies' Dress Gowns of all kinds and Men's Clothing Cleaned with new process. All kinds of lace curtains, draperies, rugs, carpets, gloves, in fact everything cleaned at reasonable prices

JOHN Y MAYES,  
Funeral Director  
—And—  
Licensed Embalmer,  
SPRINGFIELD, - - KENTUCKY

Best Attention.  
Every courtesy shown.

Handsome Line of Caskets and Burial Robes.  
Telephone: Day, 19; Night, 74.

**The SUN**  
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

# Stockman!



**H**AVE you thought of your stock advertising for this year? It's about time, isn't it? Of course you will want nice, attractive printed matter—the kind that will bring you business. We are prepared to do the work in a Satisfactory Manner. **Circulars, Cards, Pamphlets, Etc., at Reasonable Prices.**

—: The Springfield Sun —:

## Who will be President?

This is a presidential year, and every man must read to keep posted on politics. The  
**Courier-Journal**  
(HENRY WATTESON, Editor)

Is a Democratic Newspaper, but it prints the news as it develops. One dollar a year is the price of the

### Weekly Courier-Journal

But you can get that paper and  
**THE SUN**  
BOTH ONE YEAR FOR  
**\$1.50**

If you will give or send your order to this paper—NOT to the Courier-Journal.

Daily Courier-Journal  
\$6.00 a Year.  
Sunday Courier-Journal  
\$2.00 a Year.

We can give you a combination cut rate on these if you will write this paper.

## The Louisville Times

Is the liveliest afternoon paper published anywhere. It prints the news right up to the minute. Four or more editions every day. The regular price of The Times is \$5 a year, but you can get The

**Sun and Times**  
BOTH ONE YEAR FOR  
**\$5.00**  
If you will send your order to this paper—NOT to The Times.

In Presidential Year 1908—  
Those Who Want the TRUTH Should Read  
"An Independent Newspaper"  
THE EVENING POST DURING THE YEAR 1908.  
COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A DAY



**FREE—A New Kentucky Governor's Wall Atlas.**  
From Isaac Shelby to Augustus E. Willson.



All of Kentucky's Governors. The only complete collection now in existence. Every true Kentuckian should have a copy in his home or office. JUST OFF THE PRESS is the new Kentucky map. Engraved especially for the Evening Post at a cost of \$2500. In addition to this up-to-the-minute Kentucky map and pictures of all Kentucky's Governors, the complete census of all Kentucky towns is given, with pictures of all the Presidents of the United States. Rulers and Pages of all nations, steamship routes, statistical data. In addition to the above there are nine maps of equal value, including the Philippines, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Alaska, late maps of the United States, Panama Canal, Eastern and Western Hemisphere, reports of the last three national censuses and much other historical information. This unique and valuable Atlas is FREE to ALL EVENING POST SUBSCRIBERS. If not now a subscriber, send \$2.00 for a full year's subscription by mail only and that subscription price by carrier or agent is 14 cents per week. The Evening Post is first in everything; has the most State news and best market reports. A daily newspaper for the home.

The Evening Post, LOUISVILLE, KY.  
Special Price on Atlas and Evening Post With This Pa- r.

**THE POST AND THE SUN,**  
BOTH ONE YEAR,  
**\$3.50**

## THE BEST BUSINESS SCHOOL

### ON EARTH

The best school on earth is the one that gives the best course in the shortest time and smallest expense and prepares the young people for the best positions. CLARK'S SCHOOL OF BUSINESS gives a complete course in the latest and most up-to-date system of Actual Practice Bookkeeping and Shortland, and places all graduates in good positions, having many more calls than graduates. School is in Session all the Year. Individual instruction and Enroll students any day. Get full particulars from the editor of this paper or Rev. Granville W. Lyon or write direct to the school, 1035 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

**THE SAFEST AND QUICKEST WAY TO TRANSFER MONEY**  
IS BY  
**LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE**  
FOR RATES APPLY TO LOCAL MANAGER  
**CUMBERLAND TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.**  
INCORPORATED



# One More Saturday

IN WHICH TO BUY CHINAWARE AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES FROM J. E. HARMON AT MACKVILLE.

The stock has moved rapidly, but quite a number of nice pieces are left. Come in next Saturday and buy them at a low figure. You may also want some of that Furniture at a Reduced Price.

## J. E. HARMON, Mackville, Ky.

### THE SAY OF KY. EDITORS.

Kentucky State Journal: That Mr. Watterson is gifted with a facile pen no one can deny; that he is an artist in word pictures, and skillful in a sort of frothy, fantastic and attractive rhetoric is known to all who have read after him. His writings are like the foam of the sea—or rather of the glass—representing more the sparkling effervescence of superficial knowledge than the profound reasoning of a deep thinker. Versatile as he is, there is a certain sameness pervading all his utterances that amounts almost to monotony. For instance, there are three characteristics that to some extent appear in everything he ever wrote. They might be called ciphers by which he seems to stamp his products—a kind of a sign manual. He never fails to use at least one of them, sometimes all. They have become tiresome and monotonous. They still cling to them.

The first is some illustration or analogy borrowed from the gaming table, of whose philosophy he is a past master. The second is some quotation from Hamlet, with which play he seems more familiar than all other literature, except of course his own productions, of which he is a devoted admirer. The third and most infallible one which he invariably uses even when he sometimes omits the others, is his effort to prove in everything he writes or utters that while others may err he himself was always right and never made a mistake in his life. With unblinking vanity and prodigious nerve he never loses an opportunity to demonstrate that he alone of all men has been gifted with unerring judgment and prophetic vision. To save his life he could not write a column editorial or speak fifteen minutes without one or more of these three characteristic touches.

The two essential elements of his nature are apparently vanity and malice; he who affronts the one will never outlive the malevolent use upon him of the other. It is said that during Cleveland's first administration one of his cabinet officers received a calling card with "H. Watterson" on it. "Who in the devil is H. Watterson?" said the cold-blooded Yankee, and Mr. Watterson heard it. The idea that anyone in this country, especially a high official in the councils of the Democratic party, did not recognize at once that illustrious name or signature. Could it be possible that anyone in such a position, even though he lived a thousand miles from Kentucky, could ever sit down to eat his breakfast without first ravenously scanning the columns of the Courier-Journal to see if it contained one of those double-headed editorials from the marvelous pen of the "Greatest of Editors"? Could it be conceived that this cabinet officer or any other public man perform the important duties of station without first getting his inspiration from one of those "I daily give you so" editorials of this same "H. Watterson"? And yet this ignorant, uneducated, untrained man in a Democratic administration had to ask such a question. It was simply shock and awe. The editorial of the day, Cleveland's, was indignant wrath, not only against the administration, but against Cleveland's administration. He shook the dust of Washington from his feet, his hat at the whole lot of them, and rushed back to Louisville to turn loose his terrible fulminations against Cleveland and the whole ignorant crowd. Every day or two he would write an article like "To Your Tents, O Israel," calling on the boys to march on and clean out the unholy crew which had offered him such a terrible insult. Of course he blamed Cleveland, too, for it was his duty to let his cabinet officers who "H. Watterson" was, if they happened not to know.

Seriously speaking, this is said to have been the beginning cause of Watterson's animosity towards Cleveland and his administration.

HAPPY HOLLOW.

Mr. Perry Ruby and family, of Chaplin, spent Saturday and Sunday with the family of Mr. J. M. Shields, at this

place. Mr. Silas Cutsinger and two sisters, Maude and Gracie, of near Anderson county, spent Saturday and Sunday with their uncle, Mr. John Armstrong, at this place.

Mrs. J. M. Shields and sons, Truman and Raymond, are spending a week with her daughter, Mrs. Perry Ruby, of Chaplin.

Mr. Solomon Kays and family spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. J. S. Thomas and family.

Miss Sarah Shields spent Saturday with Mrs. J. D. Sutherland, at Sycamore Valley.

Messrs. Mitt and Gilbert Cheser, of near Polin, were in this community Sunday afternoon.

Mr. M. C. Keeling spent Saturday with his father, Mr. George Keeling.

Several from this place attended the sale of Mr. Miller Birch, at Brooksville, last Thursday.

Misses Maud and Eva Inman, of Shady Grove, spent Saturday with Mrs. J. U. Sutherland.

Miss Maude Cutsinger, of near Anderson county, is spending several weeks with her uncle, Mr. John Armstrong.

Mr. Steve Sparrow will crop with Mr. M. C. Keeling this year.

Misses Pearl and Myrtle Armstrong and cousin, Maude Cutsinger, spent Monday with Mrs. Solomon Kays.

Several from this place attended county court Monday.

Miss Myrtle Armstrong spent Thursday with Mrs. M. C. Keeling.

The tobacco crop will be cut out in this neighborhood.

### LOCUST GROVE.

Mrs. Emma Baker is spending this week with her sister, Mrs. Lill Jones, near Springfield.

Mrs. Lou Ella Birch, of Louisville, spent Friday with Mrs. Ed Birch.

Mrs. Will Merritt has returned from a trip to Louisville.

Mr. W. P. Logsdon, of Indianapolis, Ind., is visiting his brother-in-law, Mr. A. L. Litsay.

Mr. Harvey Leachman spent Saturday and Sunday in Springfield.

Mr. George Kays and wife were the guests of relatives at Sharpville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Decator Drago spent Saturday night with the latter's brother, Will Fitzgerald, near Springfield.

Born, to the wife of Will Smith, a ten-pound girl, and to the wife of Ed Jones, a seven-pound girl.

Miss Lavenia O'Connor was in town Saturday.

Mr. Dee Edgerton is the guest of his uncle, Frank Kays, at Valley Hill.

Mr. Mudd and wife are visiting his father at Fredericktown.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Gregory attended the funeral of the former's cousin, Hines Humphrey, at Camp Ground Sunday.

Miss Bertha Edgerton spent several days last week with Miss Sue Reed, of the ridge.

Mr. Clifton Leachman, of Springfield, attended singing at Pleasant Grove Sunday.

Mrs. Otis Harmon is visiting her parents at Mackville.

Mrs. Lizzie and Tny Reed were the pleasant guests of Mrs. A. L. Litsay Saturday afternoon.

Miss Lillian Leachman spent Saturday night and Sunday with the Misses Edgerton.

Mrs. Lullie Sharp, of Willisburg, visited her mother, Mrs. Florence Wilson, Saturday.

### FENWICK.

We are having some nice weather at present.

Mrs. G. A. Anderson and daughter, Settie, were the pleasant guests of Mrs. Alonza Barker Saturday.

Born, to the wife of Alonza Barker, on the 17, a fine boy.

Mrs. Lucy Harmon was in Mackville Saturday afternoon on business.

Miss Alma Fenwick was the pleasant guest of her mother at this place Saturday night.

Miss Pearl Fenwick is spending this week with her cousins, Misses Susie and Ada Fenwick, of Canby.

Mr. W. F. Logsdon, of Indianapolis, Ind., is here on a visit with friends and relatives.

Mrs. Rose Adams is spending a week with her uncle, Mr. Bob Adams, of the North.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Graves were called to the bedside of his brother, Mr. Peter Graves, of Bear Wallow.

Mr. Steve Begley, who is working for his brother, near Texas, was in our vicinity Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Barker spent Saturday night and Sunday with J. H. Mayes and family, of near Mackville.

Mr. Tom Bowles is very sick at this writing with the measles.

Several from this place attended the funeral of little Naomi Fenwick last Thursday.

Messrs. Burr and Steve Begley spent Sunday with their parents at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barker and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Alonza Barker, of this place.

Misses Ethel and Verna Rogers and brother, Stanley Rogers, and Mr. Irine Thompson attended church at St. Rose Sunday.

Died, on Tuesday evening, March 17, 1908, at 7:45 o'clock, the little eight-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Fenwick. She was the youngest son, and was only sick a few days with appendicitis. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. P. F. Hennessy Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock, and the remains were laid to rest in the Springfield cemetery.

Death's sad angel has come again, Taking our fair, sweet flower, Bravely she bore the sting of pain Accompanying death's dark hour.

A precious one from us has gone, A voice we loved is still, A place in our home is vacant Which can never be filled.

God in his wisdom has recalled The bloom of life he has given, Though her body moulders here Her soul is safe in Heaven.

Sweetly Naomi is sleeping, While her soul so pure and white, Safe within her Saviour's keeping, Robed in the Celestial light.

Weep no more then loving mother, Father dry thy flowing tears For "Naomi is now in Heaven, Free from all that makes life dreary."

Brothers, sisters and all remember that the Angels are her keepers now, Gladly with them she is singing, While a crown rests on her brow.

She is praying, never ceasing, For her loved ones here below, And your joy in Heaven is increasing, As you onward through life go.

Could she only speak you'd hear her whisper, "Dear mother, father, sisters, brothers, relatives and friends all, I am happy now in Heaven Listening to my Saviour's call."

May, too, will guard and meet you, Up in Heaven every one, There with joys we'll sing her praises, Say with us, "God's will must be done."

Written by two cousins, Sadie and Alma.

A Turkey Remedy.

Mrs. W. F. Heathman, Clintonville, Ky., says: "I have tried a number of remedies, but Bourbon Poultry Cure is the only remedy I have ever found that will cure sick turkeys." Sold by all druggists.

As It Seemed to Her.

Norah—"An' phew do your mis-thress be goin' to-night!" Bridget—"Shure she didn't inform me, but fr'm the looks iv her, Oi take it she be goin' to win iv thin comin'-out parties."—Harvard Lampoon.

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year.

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year.

Mr. Ed Setties and family spent several days with his father, near this place.

Mr. Walker, of Mackville, was in our midst Monday.

Mr. Coleman Setties spent Saturday night with Otis Harmon.

John Setties, who has been confined to his room for several weeks, is able to be out again.

### Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas it hath pleased the Grand Master of the universe to remove from our midst our beloved brother, J. M. Burton, who departed this life March 12, 1908.

Therefore, be it resolved, That as Masons we should be willing to submit to the will of our Grand Master, yet we realize that there has been taken from us one who in his intercourse with his fellow men was a living exponent of true Masonic principles and teachings after putting into practice the real tenets of the order.

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our deceased Brother our heartfelt sympathy and prayerfully commend them to God in whom he trusted and from whom alone can be found an ever present help in time of trouble.

Resolved, That the members of the Lodge will wear the mourning badge for thirty days and that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes and sent to the family of our deceased Brother and published in the Springfield Sun and the News Leader.

W. A. Waters, Wm. H. Williams, Committee. Wm. H. McElroy.

### HILLSBORO.

We are having some very fine weather at present.

A large crowd attended Mr. Hock Edgerton's sale at Willisburg from this community.

John Setties sold to Sam Setties, of Lebanon, a horse for \$100.

Mr. L. M. Clark and family dined at the home of J. W. Setties Sunday.

Sam Crook and wife, of Sycamore Valley, spent Sunday with Mrs. Lizzie Fitzgerald, near Springfield.

Mrs. Mollie Setties is spending the week with her mother at Willisburg.

Let Setties swapped horses with John Shewmaker, of Fenwick.

Mr. John Inman and wife dined at the home of H. Prather Sunday.

Misses Maud and Eva Inman, accompanied by Mr. Ernest Shewmaker, visited at the home Jim Sutton, of Fenwick, Sunday.

Mrs. Lula Harmon spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents at Mackville.

A. S. Hines and wife spent Sunday afternoon with L. R. White and family.

J. W. Setties spent several days with Joe Moore last week.

Mr. Ed Setties and family spent several days with his father, near this place.

Mr. Walker, of Mackville, was in our midst Monday.

Mr. Coleman Setties spent Saturday night with Otis Harmon.

John Setties, who has been confined to his room for several weeks, is able to be out again.

### ICE BOXES HER SPECIALTY.

Woman with a Mania is Betrayed by Burglar Alarm.

Stamford, Conn.—Refrigerators and clotheslines breathed easier when Mrs. Edwin Arnold was arrested and confessed that she is responsible for the disappearance of about \$500 worth of meats, butter, eggs, and wearing apparel from the back yards of a score of houses. For five weeks the police have been baffled in their efforts to locate the thief. Mrs. Arnold was caught robbing the ice box of Harry C. Hoyt and admitted her guilt.

"I don't know why I stole," she said; "there was no necessity for it. I've got everything I want."

There was considerable sympathy for Mrs. Arnold. He has a responsible position and makes enough money to keep his wife and baby in comfortable circumstances. Mrs. Arnold was formerly Helen Roberts Temple of New York. She is 29 years old and comely. Her husband attributes her mania for stealing to a recent illness. He claimed to be ignorant of his wife's penchant for other people's edibles and lingerie, although the police found a room filled with it when they searched his house.

Mrs. Hoyt's ice box was robbed. She rigged up a burglar alarm and when Mrs. Arnold came on a return visit the buzzer betrayed her presence. She started to run, but Hoyt pointed a revolver at her and held her until the police came. She was released on a small bond on account of her baby.

OLD BILL PAID; CURSE LIFTED.

Woman Retracts, in Odd Legal Document, Appeal for Wrath.

Philadelphia—A strange legal document by which an aged woman lifts a curse she pronounced 32 years ago has come to light in this city.

In 1876 Dennis Comey, a laborer aged 28 years, who was out of work, quit his boarding house owing the boarding mistress, Mrs. Mary Costello, \$50.

Mrs. Costello, who was then 62 years of age, fell upon her knees and called down the curses of heaven upon him and his. Some time ago Comey fell heir to money, and Mrs. Costello, who now lives in Atlantic City, attempted to collect her bill through attorneys. Comey informed the lawyers that he remembered the bill, but would not pay it until Mrs. Costello removed the curses. The retraction reads:

"Know all men by these presents: That I, Mary Costello, do hereby revoke, recall and retract to the utmost of my power the curse which Dennis Comey claims that I put upon him in 1876, calling down upon him and his as he claims, ill luck, disease and disaster through life and eternity, living and dead, at all times from the present to the end of the world, even unto the tenth generation, and do hereby declare that I hold for him nothing but sentiments of good will and respect."

POCKET PHONE SAVES LIFE.

Man to Escape Drowning Climbs Pole and "Cuts In" on Line.

Seaford, Del.—H. W. Carly, district manager at Salisbury, Md., for the Diamond State Telephone company, had a narrow escape from death on the march across Nanticoke river near Vienna, a town 20 miles from here.

That he did not succumb to the cold and exhaustion was due to the fact that he had a telephone receiver in his pocket and strength to climb a pole.

His horse got off the road into the river, taking the vehicle and driver with him. Mr. Carly had strength enough to swim to a near by pole placed in the water, and then climb it. He "cut in" with his receiver and told the operator at Salisbury of his plight, and asked that help be sent him.

After considerable delay men in boats were sent to his rescue, finding him partly unconscious, his spike in the pole holding him.

Teach Children Love of Nature.

A love of nature should be implanted in the mind of the youngest child. A beautiful annual given pleasure to the tiniest tot whose attention is directed to it. To love flowers, trees, books, and all the wonders of nature is one of the main things for a child to learn at an early age. Science and analysis should have no part in his education at this time.

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year.

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year.

### SUBSCRIBERS FREE COLUMN.

Mrs. S. G. Tucker, Rt. 1, has for sale Rhode Island Red eggs. 50c for 15.

R. A. Thompson, Rt. 2, has for sale Buff Wyandotte eggs, 90c for 15.

Mrs. Palmer Groatley has for sale Barred Plymouth Rock eggs. 50c for 15. From pen.

Mrs. Lizzie Bosley, Lebanon, Rt. 3, has for sale Pure Bred Single Comb Brown Leghorn and Barred Plymouth Rock eggs. 50c for 15. From pen.

Mrs. T. K. Smith, Springfield, has for sale white Leghorn eggs, 15c for 50c.

NOTICE.—If you are going to raise chickens raise the laying stock. Single Comb Brown Leghorn eggs for sale. Price reasonable. Mrs. C. C. Christie, Lebanon, Ky., Rt. 3.

Mrs. L. N. Reed, R. F. D. 3, has for sale eggs from pure S. C. B. Leghorn stock. \$1.00 for 15 or \$1.50 for 30.

Albert Hines, Rt. 3, has for sale a nice sow and nine pigs. Also six shoats which will weigh about 85 pounds.

Mrs. John S. McElroy, Springfield, has for sale Black Minorca eggs. 50c for setting of 15.

Mrs. L. E. Ross, Rt. 1, has for sale White Pekin duck eggs at 50c for 12. Also two Pit Game roosters at 75c apiece.

M. H. Jones has for sale some good gobblers—one thoroughbred.

W. T. Head, Rt. 4, has for sale 600 bushels of first-class white corn—75c a bushel.

H. S. Litsay, Rt. 4, has for sale two Jacks—two-year-olds pure. Extra good ones. Will sell them at low figures.

E. S. Litsay, Rt. 4, has for sale English Maple shade trees.

S. O. Parrott, Rt. 5, has for sale three nice sows and pigs. Also twelve shoats, will weigh about 90 pounds.

W. D. Claybrooke, Springfield, has for sale 20 tons of clover and timothy hay. Baled and in fine condition.

G. L. Haydon, Rt. 4, has for sale 7 1/2 months old Short Horn Bull Calves—fine bred, and good individual. Will have him registered, and will furnish certified copy on same.

J. G. Adams, Lebanon, Ky., Route 8, has for sale a lot of timothy and clover hay.

Mrs. C. N. Willett, Rt. 2, has for sale S. S. Hamburg eggs. 13c for 50c, 30 for \$1.00.

Case & Brady, Rt. 3, have for sale good milk cows and calves and butcher cattle.

C. L. Brady, Rt. 3, has for sale some good timothy baled hay.

G. T. Clements, Rt. 1, has for sale 100 bushels black seed oats, extra fine.

W. C. Brady, Texas, has for sale 15 tons of No. 1 timothy and clover hay.

W. P. Montgomery, Rt. 1, has for sale 200 bushels of gray seed oats.

Mrs. E. S. Clements, Rt. 1, has for sale guinea eggs. Send orders and eggs will be sent at 50c per setting of 15 eggs.

Hugh Stiles, Rt. 3, has for sale some nice timothy and clover hay. He wants to buy a good milk cow.

CARDWELL.

Born, to the wife of Sammie Mobley, on the 16, a boy. Also to the wife of S. P. White, a boy.

Several from this place attended the horse sale in Springfield Saturday.

T. P. McMillon and wife, of Salvisa, are among friends here this week.

Melvin Mobley left for Illinois last week to work this summer.

H. J. Brown, who has been sick, is able to walk about his room.

J. A. Kyler is out again, after a several days' illness.

Mrs. Almira Lambert, of Armstrong, Ill., is with her children here. She expects to stay all summer here.

E. G. Holiday bought of A. Bottoms one black horse for \$145.

W. L. Graham bought of W. T. Robinson, of Boyle county, one two-year-old jack for \$400.

Graham & Perkins sold in the sale Saturday one four-year-old horse, \$116; one ten-year-old mare, \$97. Also one four-year-old black mare, \$27. Also one four-year-old black mare, \$150, and paid the \$100 and kept one mare.

After Others Fall.

D. C. Scott, Avon, Ky., says: "I used Southern Hog Cholera Remedy after other remedies had failed and it speedily effected a cure. It has cured several herds in my neighborhood without the loss of a single hog." Sold by all druggists.

### HOFFMAN DARE!



Sired by Dignity Dare, No. 382. Chester Dare, No. 10. Black Squirrel, No. 58. Black Eagle, No. 14. King William, No. 67. Dam Glen Mary, No. 240. 2nd dam Raven, by Anderson Bell, No. 15005. Record 2:20 1/4. 3rd dam Membrino Princess, dam of Bay Bird, 2:30.

DESCRIPTION.—Black, 16 hands high, 4-years-old, with plenty of style and action, as fine a natural tail as any horse, and comes from a family on both sides that have a noted record.

HOFFMAN DARE will make the season of 1908 at Castlewood Stock farm, three miles from Springfield on anon pike, for the sum of

\$10 To Insure a Living Colt.

I will also stand 2 Good Jacks \$10 At Same Place for TO INSURE A LIVING COLT.

Your patronage is kindly solicited. Apply.

W. S. Gibbs

18 Springfield, Ky.